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The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August, 1851, the Rev. J. W. Douglas being its editor and proprietor. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now owned and published by "THE PUBLISHING COMPANY OF THE PACIFIC,"—an incorporated company. The Directors for 1885 are: S. S. Smith, A. P. Flint, W. M. Seabury, I. P. Rankin, John Kimball and J. M. Haven.

WHOLE No. 1691.

[Written for THE PACIFIC.]
In Memoriam.

Through the valley of the shadow
To the timid little feet,
Up the hill-slopes of the blessed,
And the herald angels greet.

Through the heavenly fields they lead her,
Where the cooling waters flow,
And the radiant flowers of Eden
In perennial beauty glow.

Now the tender Shepherd meets her,
And his loving arms enfold,
While he smooths the pain-worn forehead,
And enclasps the crown of gold.

Safe forever with the blessed,
Free from sorrow, pain and care,
With the loved ones gone before her
To the heavenly mansions fair.

O you weary hearts that linger
By the new-made grave to-day,
From the sorrow and the sighing
And the darkness look away.

See, the Father waits to bless you,
And a place for you prepare.
And in radiant robes of glory
Your beloved wait you there.

Not forever shall we wander
Lonely and with doubt oppressed,
For beyond the weary waiting
Lie the heavenly home and rest.

WINNIE BELL.

Isles of Shoals.

CHAPTER IV.

LAIGHTONS—HOTELS—"CELIA THAXTER"—AMUSEMENTS—WHALE RIDE—ETC.

DEAR PACIFIC: In a previous letter I told you of my visit to the lighthouse with President Mark Hopkins.

These hotels—the Appledore and Oceanic—have a history directly connected with that lighthouse. The Hon. Thomas B. Laighton of Portsmouth was a prominent and respected citizen, and an ardent Democrat of the old school, which never made peace with England. He was a lawyer and editor of a Democratic paper, and had aspirations for some important office, but, meeting with disappointment, he became highly incensed at the treatment he had received from his party. He became misanthropic, and resolved to withdraw from the trickery and disappointments of civilized society. He applied for and received a commission as keeper of the lighthouse on White Island, and hither he removed in a sail-boat in 1838, with his wife and little daughter, Celia, of five summers, and a boy, Oscar, of six months. The boy Cedric was born to them the second year of their residence at the lighthouse. Here, on this dreary isle of rocks, he remained for about eight years, and did not once visit the coast for twenty years.

Having purchased the Haley or Smutty Nose Island, he removed to that locality and remained for two years. There, in 1848, he purchased the Appledore Island, built the Appledore House, of forty-five rooms, and thus were laid the foundations of this noted summer resort, which he continued for eighteen years with great acceptance to the guests who resorted hither. He died in 1866, aged sixty-one years, and an appropriate monument marks his resting place, on a prominent ridge north of the hotel. Mrs. Laighton died in 1877, aged seventy-three years.

His two sons, Oscar and Cedric, became the proprietors and managers of the hotel after the father's death, and thus continue to the present day, with the hotel capacity enlarged to two hundred and fifty rooms, and accommodations for five hundred persons.

The little daughter, Celia, was a devoted child of nature, and became very happy at her island-home. No music was so sweet to her as that of the winds and the waves, breaking and foaming in gorgeous colors all around her house. She would sing and coo with the birds, and call the loons with her ringing voice. The shells, the pebbles and the sea-mosses, all were gathered, and yielded gracefully to the skill of her hands. The flowers of the Shoals to her "were things of beauty and a joy forever." No others were so fragrant and none so wild with brilliance and richness of color. All these, and more, were her companions, and did her bidding in artistic life. She once, at the beach, whispered thus:

"But Nature was so kind!
Like a dear friend I loved the loneliness;
My heart rose glad as at some sweet caress,
When passed the wandering wind."

Is it, therefore, any wonder that this little Celia has now become the distinguished authoress and the beloved "Celia Thaxter." This very day on which I write she has received a compliment which others might well covet. Lieutenant Greely and wife, in company with the Admiral of our North Atlantic fleet, came on the revenue cutter to visit the Isles of Shoals.

While at the Appledore House, Lieutenant Greely expressed a desire to meet Mrs. Thaxter and present his grateful salutations and those of his Arctic companions for her book of charming poems, which they had with them, and from which he read to his men, while on an iceberg in the Arctic, the beautiful poem entitled "A Tryst," which they all enjoyed exceedingly. The first stanza runs thus:

"From out the desolation of the North
An iceberg took its way,
From its detaching comrades breaking forth,
And traveling night and day."

The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., OCTOBER 8, 1884.

VOL. XXXIII. . . No. 41

He presented his copy, asking her for her autograph, but she begged him to accept another copy, beautifully illustrated with her favorite flowers painted with her own hand, with her photograph and autograph, expressing admiration for his bravery and achievements.

The "Laighton Brothers," having been reared from their youth on these Isles of Shoals, have naturally become isolated in all their views and aspirations from the contracted and pent-up life of their neighbors on the coast. Never once have they been to the poles to vote in all their lives. Here they are monarchs of all they survey, and have room to breathe God's pure, vitalizing, oceanic atmosphere, with none to molest, nor business cares to weary and distract. The Laightons are sole owners of Appledore Island, with the spacious and homelike "Appledore House"; also the Star Island, with the more modern "Oceanic House," with a capacity to accommodate, at both, one thousand persons. They also own Smutty Nose, and lease it to fishermen.

The question will naturally occur at this point, "What became of the settlements of fishermen on these islands which, at one time, were so active and prosperous?" They began to decline from the days of the War of the Revolution, and prominent operators in the fish business would reside in Portsmouth and send out their craft from there.

The settlers on Appledore removed to Star Island, where the Fort was located, for greater safety from the Indians, and where they could have a much safer harbor. Therefore, all vested interests in Appledore were easily purchased by the senior Laighton in 1848, and the hotel erected, which, proving a success for twenty years or more, induced a wealthy gentleman of Boston (J. B. Poor) to try and buy out the settlers on Star Island, in which he succeeded, and became sole owner, with the exception of one house and lot, which was burned. He then erected another, more elegant and of larger proportions, with all modern appurtenances. But his competition with the Laighton brothers at Appledore was not a success, and he sold to them his entire interest in the island and the Oceanic House, which places them beyond the reach of competition at the Isles of Shoals.

This has become a favorite summer resort for multitudes all over the country. We have now here families from all the great cities; Boston, New York and Cincinnati are largely represented, while Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington are slightly less so. Of course, your lady readers will desire to know who was the "belle" of the congregated hundreds. I will only name one who was crowned with such laurels by unanimous consent—the widow of the late Lowell Mason, a venerable and charming lady of four score years and more, all ready and waiting for the party to open. Her sons, Lowell and William, were with her—also celebrated musicians.

New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo and San Francisco are also represented. I met many old citizens here who have made their resort nearly every summer for twenty years and more. Every arrangement is made for the pleasure and recreation of guests. The music hall is open all the time, with an orchestra of nine choice musicians, who devote their whole time between the two hotels. A fleet of two dozen or more sail-boats and row-boats, with experienced boatmen and fishermen, await the pleasure of guests. A little lakelet in front of the hotel is the delight of the children, with boats, bathing-suits, etc. The guests often return in high glee with their load of codfish, mackerel, etc. A little steam yacht has just come in with a sword-fish nearly twelve feet long from tip to tip. The sword itself was forty inches, and the weight of fish about five hundred pounds. This fish is sometimes very careless. A party, a while ago, was surprised to have the sword come furiously up through the bottom of the boat and through the seat on which they sat. The fish had been wounded by the harpoon and was very much offended. Another party yesterday brought in a shark six and a half feet long and large enough to have disposed of a good-sized baby.

Our old Norwegian friend recently towed in from his fishing excursion a monster whale, the skeleton of which is carefully preserved and wired into natural shape, giving a length of fifty-three feet and a breadth of seven feet. This size leaves a chamber large enough for half a dozen Jonahs, with luggage. This skeleton is suspended eight feet from the ground and is covered with an artistic roof, bearing a sign, "The Prince of Whales." This may be the same whale which, not long ago, twisted his tail in the cable of the schooner *Vespar*, lying on the east side of the Shoals, and towed the vessel several miles, at the rate of twenty knots an hour, with the water boiling over her stem to stern. I think the poor fellows on board of her were sorry that they had not attended Sunday-school or Mrs. Cooper's Bible-class, for they thought the hour of retribution had surely come.

Such are the amusements here, together with billiards, bowling alley, lawn tennis, base-ball, etc. There is no room for horses and carriages here; we therefore resort to the boats and the little steamer *Pinafore*. If all the friends of THE PACIFIC will come hither and crowd as much invigoration and recreation into a space of eight weeks as I have done, they will feel well repaid.

In conclusion, I will state that in preparing this sketch of the Isles of Shoals I am indebted to several voluminous works by Jenness, Celia Thaxter, and others, and personal intercourse with many old Shoalers. Please accept my cordial salutations.

S. A. C.

The Great Issue of the Day.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29th.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I have been asked by some of my young men friends to give them my views of the present political situation as a young man, a Christian and a citizen; and in seeking to hastily and briefly comply with their wishes, I choose the columns of your family paper, hoping thereby to reach a larger number of the class which may feel an especial interest in this matter. And in opening let me say that in the few years during which I have exercised the right of suffrage I have never allied myself to any political party or organization as such. I have preferred to exercise my liberty to support such men and principles as seemed best to embody the highest interests of individual and State, and so I feel I can speak "with malice toward none, and charity for all," and without being charged with prejudice or partiality toward men or parties. I consider it the duty of every young man to express his sentiments at the ballot box. Whether he exercises his privilege in this direction or not, the government under which he lives will have a direct influence on his life, intellectually, financially, morally. Whether through neglect or exercise, therefore, of this duty, he is responsible for its good or bad influence. If he be a Christian, his duty is all the clearer to cast his vote for that which is good, and which will reach through the best influences on himself and his home. It behooves him, then, to take the assurance of no man or party as to the issue which most pertains to his highest interests, or with regard to the candidate who may be the best exponent of those principles which go to elevate and purify the national life. It is his prerogative to make use of his God-given powers of intellectual discernment and judgment in coming to a conclusion on the matter, and, having done so, to act accordingly.

In the exercise of this prerogative, I reserved a decision as to the candidate and party I should support until the last nomination had been made, and then came to a conclusion, from a careful survey of the national needs, a study of the various party platforms and a consideration of the character of the candidates. These three points I wish to touch.

On looking over the condition of affairs throughout the entire country, I find several issues that I consider of vital interest to the national life: The tariff, civil service, polygamy, land monopoly, foreign immigration, the liquor traffic, and many others I might name, are of more or less importance. But among all these, that one which seems to me, after careful consideration, to be of the greatest importance, because of its bearing on the highest and best interests of the individual, the home, and the country at large, as well as the cause of Christ, is that of the liquor traffic. I would not belittle the importance of the others I have named, but would relegate them to a second place as compared with this. My reasons for this I may give briefly. It is not necessary to enter upon any detailed demonstration of the evils of drunkenness. Friend and foe of the liquor business both acknowledge and deplore its awful consequences. It destroys body and mind, as many a human wreck in our hospitals and asylums bears witness. It breaks up the home, as many a ruined household within the personal observation of nearly everyone will attest. It retards the natural development of the country by unfitting for productive use of labor the 600,000 habitual drunkards it contains, 50,000 of whom die annually from its effects. Lastly, and of greatest importance, it condemns the soul of all these to eternal death, for God has said in His Word that no drunkard "shall inherit the kingdom of God." It is claimed, however, that these results do not follow the moderate use of intoxicants. Specious as this claim may appear at a casual glance, when we look closer we find that it is not reliable. We find that moderate drinking has come to their present condition; that without the first second could not exist, and that they are so closely related as cause and effect that the liquor traffic, as a whole, must stand or fall by the testimony of its eventual results in the lives of those who pass through the various grades of its use.

Further than this, we find it bearing upon the national life in another way than by its influence upon the individual citizen. According to a widely published estimate of the annual expenditure for intoxicating liquor in the United States, based upon the census of 1880, and which we have not seen questioned by any of the friends of the business, it reaches the enormous sum of \$900,000,000, or ninety-two millions of dollars more than the entire expenditure for bread and meat during the same time, and two hundred million more than the aggregate of taxes. Of course it will be claimed that this amount has gone to help build up the prosperity of the country, the same as any other business, putting so large an amount of money into circulation, and contributing a large portion of it to the agricultural industry. Into a detailed refutation of this claim we do not intend to go, even were it fully true. The mournful procession of these six hundred thousand miserable wrecks of human beings and the consideration of these fifty thousand immortal souls ruined annually by this traffic is amply sufficient to condemn it in the minds of all who have anything higher than the most sordid conception of the prosperity of a country.

In this traffic we find the national government a largely interested partner, both through the revenue received on all liquors manufactured, and also through the license tax on dealers in the same. From these sources it receives \$63,000,000 annually. That it is a losing partnership, however, clearly appears from the following statistics:

It is estimated that ninety per cent. of all crime is due to the influence of drink. Admitting that this is a high estimate, and putting the percentage at fifty, which seems to be none too high, the entire cost to the Government of the continuance of this traffic is about \$210,000,000 annually, this, including expenses of internal revenues, collection, etc. The actual loss to the Government is thus seen to be nearly \$150,000,000 or more than one-fifth of the whole amount levied for taxes. Of this loss, every individual citizen must bear his share. But, further than this, we find that the traffic has become a factor in national and State politics, and attempts not only to unduly influence legislation in its own behalf, and to prevent the election to office of any but men who are favorable to its interests, but even to resist and overthrow the duly enacted laws of various commonwealths. The Brewers' Congress appropriated \$30,000 with which to oppose legislative or constitutional prohibition in Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, Indiana, Missouri, and Maryland. How else could this be done but by bribery and undue influence of legislators? As long ago as 1867 this same Brewers' Congress resolved that, "We will sustain no candidate who is in any way disposed toward the total abstinence cause," and this resolution has been annually re-affirmed. Eight years later it further resolved to take every possible measure to repeal all prohibitory or restrictive enactments, and that candidates favoring such enactments should be strenuously opposed. Two years ago a Liquor Convention held in Chicago resolved to favor only those men or that party which is known to represent and advocate the principles embodied in these resolutions, and that they would work against the election of any candidate or party which favors the prohibition movement. At a convention of whisky dealers held in Council Bluffs, less than a month ago an appropriation was made to resist the enforcement of the constitutional prohibitory law of that State. This, then, is the position of the traffic: Destruction to the individual, the home, the State—a corrupter of the morals of our legislators, a criminal law resister and law-breaker. In view of these facts, can any one with the best interests of the country at heart hesitate to believe that its influence should be in some way restricted? In fact, there are very few thinking men, not directly interested in the business, who do not fully believe so. The only question on which there is a division of opinion is one of the best means to be employed to accomplish the desired result. On this question of means I shall have something to say next time.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Ministerial Union at the Y. M. C. A. parlors in this city, Rev. Dr. Sawtelle presiding, Chaplain Blake, U. S. A., read an interesting paper on the study of history in our public schools, after which several of the members and Mr. Perkins, librarian of the Public Library, expressed their views on the subject. Chaplain Blake, who is one of the pioneers of education on this coast, and the founder of St. Augustine College at Benicia, treated his subject with great clearness and earnestness, showing what history is, how it should be studied, and why more should be made of it in our public schools. History should be studied, he maintained, by the aid of all possible appliances—books of travel and biography, maps, charts and pictorial illustrations. By permission of the librarian of the Free Public Library he had brought in some of the maps, charts and recently published illustrated volumes on the subject, and he proceeded to point out the superior advantages afforded in the study of history through access to such aids as these.—Call.

RIVERSIDE, October 2d.—The long-talked-of water question is settled at last. The Riverside Land and Irrigation Company, Evans & Felter, the Riverside Canal Company and the Citizens' Water Company, have been brought to a consolidation.

The Sage Library.

There was a large gathering of friends from San Francisco, Oakland and adjacent towns, at Mills Seminary yesterday, to participate in the dedicatory exercises of the new library building. This gem of architecture is connected with the chapel of the main building, and commands a view of the lovely hall, extending to the remotest end of the seminary. Rev. Dr. Barrows presided at the exercises and made an eloquent and fitting introductory address. He was followed by Rev. C. W. Merrill of Sacramento, who spoke on "Education and Books." Rev. Dr. Beck with followed on "Education and Missions." Hon. M. C. Myrick presented some excellent thoughts on "Education and Law." Rev. Dr. Moor spoke on "Education and Reading" and Rev. R. L. Tabor on "Education's Polished Stones." Rev. Dr. Stone conducted the opening exercises, and Rev. Dr. Dwinell made the prayer of dedication at the close.

This library is the gift of an early friend of Mrs. Mills, and it is a model of beauty and taste. An exquisite memorial window from the alumnae of the seminary tells of love and reverence for the founder, Rev. Dr. Mills, so recently deceased. Gifts of furniture from A. L. Pope and N. P. Cole; choice woods from J. P. Pierce; a valuable painting, "Looking in the Golden Gate," from R. D. Yelland, the well-known artist, and Mrs. Mills; brilliant glass for the doors from Frank Whittier, and various choice gifts of furniture, ornaments and pictures from undergraduates and other friends, make this lovely library building a model in every respect.

The seminary grounds and surroundings were charming; the day was perfect and the occasion most delightful.

The Presbyterian Synod met at Los Angeles, October 2d.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 1312 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. Cole, 572 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Foreign Secretary and Editor of "Column," Hopkins Academy, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.

Festal Evenings.

AN EVENING AT BETHANY.

One day last week the mail brought me a programme headed "Paper Festival." "What is that?" said I; "surely I must go and see." So, Friday evening found me comfortably seated in Bethany church, with eyes and ears wide open to learn all I could of the "Gleaners," and particularly of their "Paper Festival." About 8 o'clock I heard a few strains from the piano, and then some sweeter ones behind the scenes, and soon the platform was full of the prettiest, brightest children, all singing and dancing about a dear old man they called grandpa. "Ah! yes; I see," thought I, "this is the cantata of 'Grandpa's Birthday' my programme told me of," and then I just forgot everything else, and was carried almost into fairy-land by those charming children with their songs and flowers. This must have lasted for half an hour or more when the picture vanished behind the scenes and I was brought back to earth again, wondering what would come next. Just then I saw emerging from the chapel a swarm of young ladies all decorated in tissue paper. Some of them had full costumes in light green and yellow—odd combination, but all the prettier on that account. And then I began to understand what those paper rosettes on some of the young men's coats meant. They must be the honorary members of the "Gleaners" that I have heard of. For about ten minutes these paper clad girls were gliding about the audience scattering the ice-cream checks, with bon-bons attached, and gathering in the bright quarters. Boxes of the nicest home-made creams also found their way into the ladies' hands; consequently more quarters crept forth from the gentlemen's pockets. Gradually the "Gleaners" disappeared again, and the audience was called to order to be charmed once more by music and recitations. After a piano solo, Jean Ingelow's poem, "Songs of Seven," was represented and recited.

Then came our chance to enter the chapel and satisfy completely our curiosity. We were by no means disappointed. Surely it was a "paper festival"—a perfect bower of tissue-paper. Little tables, here and there, with pretty paper covers, and napkins to match; canopies and air-castles hanging everywhere; the walls covered with plaques, fans, parasols—all these were of green and yellow tissue-paper. The gas-shades, only, were pink, giving to everything in the room just the soft light needed to perfect the scene.

No one who was not present can imagine how pretty it was, and I advise you all, whenever you hear the "Gleaners" are to give an entertainment, to be there. I asked one of these "Gleaners" to let me know the results of their efforts.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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She said that all the returns were not yet in, but already over \$106 had been received. The expenses will not amount to more than \$23, hence our net receipts will, at least, be \$83. To show how much can be accomplished by perseverance in one thing alone, I will add that, and was told, \$24 have been received by the "Gleaners," since September 1st, for home-made candy.

I must not forget to mention the pleasure expressed by one of the "Gleaners" at the presence of two of the ex-committee of the W. B. M. P. Let me tell it to you in her own words: "Nobody knows how much good it has done us to see this expression of their interest in us. There is no better way in which 'the girls' enthusiasm can be kept up than by showing an interest in their work; and if any one asks what she can do to encourage the auxiliaries, I would say, 'visit them.'"

AN EVENING AT THE FIRST CHURCH, OAKLAND.

In response to a note from your editor, the President of the Young People's Society, Miss Fannie Kellogg, called to say that their entertainment of September 19th was a success every way—a good audience, a pleasing programme and about \$95 in the treasury for foreign missions. The programme may be of help to some other society, so we give it entire, with two comments—the one of an enthusiastic lady present, who said she had fully one dollar's worth of joy out of it; the other of the pastor who advised (?) a collection in addition to the admittance fee of twenty-five cents.

Music—vocal and instrumental, by the Sunday-school, orchestra and others; "Over the Garden Wall," a flower-piece. The lifted curtain revealed an immense piece of sheeting, painted brown at the bottom, to resemble a wall, with sunflowers of all sizes at irregular intervals upon it; between the sunflowers were holes filled with faces, whose owners sang "Over the Garden Wall." Statuary—"Columbus and Isabella." Some children's tableaux—"Candy Isn't Good for Children," "Leap Year," "Queen Elizabeth and Her Maids," "Portraits of the Montrose Family." A heavy gilt frame appears, in which are shown, at intervals, eight portraits of as many members of the Montrose family, in costume, while a description of each is being read. This number of the programme was said to be the best of all. Afterwards came the "Shadow Play of Mary Jane," and the closing tableau—a little child in an old-fashioned dress, in a big chair, going to sleep.

Another Tribute to the "Morning Star."

BY MRS. J. B. RICHARDSON.

September 28th was "Morning Star Day" in the First Congregational Sunday-school of Oakland. The exercises were held at the usual hour of Sunday-school, but in the "big church," the children marching in from the Sunday-school room and occupying the body seats, the congregation in the gallery. It was an unusual service in some respects. There was no sermon, not even under the guise of a "five-minute address." But there was a text! It was nothing more nor less than a complete and beautiful ship—masts and spars and everything, even to the life-boat and anchor—standing there on the platform, where everybody could see. Though not a facsimile of our *Morning Star*, she served to suggest it vividly to all present. The laying the offerings on the deck of the ship, and when that was full on the platform and table around it, was the feature of the occasion. Preceding this were appropriate Bible-readings and singing. The money which was held in each scholar's hand, and which was to buy a share in the missionary ship, seemed to lend new fervor to the voices which sang, "How blessed are the people that know the joyful sound," and

"To God be the glory, great things he hath done;
So loved he the world that he gave us his son."

The 103d Psalm was recited in unison, an evidence that this school is returning to the old-time habit of "learning by heart," an event which many will hail with delight. A responsive reading was carried on by superintendent, officers, teachers, boys and girls in turn, beginning "In the morning show thy seed." After singing "Beautiful Morning Star," a Bible-reading on "Christian Missions" was entered into heartily by school and friends, the pastor leading. Then followed a recitation by a member of the school—"Building of the *Morning Star*"—and prayer by the pastor for the acceptance of the offerings. The primary department first came up singing "Give, oh, give." Some of the wee ones had to be lifted up to reach the ship's deck at all. When they had resumed their seats, having made the circuit, the junior department made their deposits, singing, "Go, bear the joyful tidings," then the seniors, while the Sunday-school orchestra played "Glory be to God on high!" At the last moment a message was received from the Chinese school announcing their purchase of twenty-four shares. The total value of shares purchased was \$185, with one more opportunity for buying shares on the next Sabbath.

Contributions.

Wearing Out of the Saints.

BY REV. W. A. TENNEY.

Daniel and John afford a clue to guide us to some of the most thrilling chapters in Mediaeval Church history. These prophets foretell the state of the true Church reduced in numbers, and subjected to intense suffering. The Little Horn would make war upon the saints, and prevail against them, and "wear them out." The two witnesses were to be overcome and killed by the beast from the bottomless pit. The witnesses were like two olive trees and two candlesticks, symbolizing the supporters and bearers of pure religious truth and a holy example. We look into the history of the Middle Ages for a counterpart to these prophetic pictures, and we find it, answering in every important particular, in the Vaudois Church. These peculiar people were a spark of light in an age of darkness. They held and taught the unadulterated gospel, and led the purest lives. Standing as living epistles, known and read by all men, they stoutly protested against the popular errors and wickedness into which their enemies endeavored to coerce them.

From 1335 to 1686 these saints suffered a relentless and almost continuous persecution, for no other cause than the effort to live according to the teachings and example of Christ and his apostles. The process of wearing out and affording an exact fulfillment of Daniel and John. During 350 years a part of every generation was subjected to the most horrid tortures and deaths depraved genius could invent. Their enemies studied to produce the most extreme agony which could be the longest endured.

In thirty-three distinct wars, spread over a period of 300 years, the Papacy made the attempt, by indiscriminate slaughter, to vanquish the saints and silence the witnesses. In some valleys the last Vaudois was exterminated, and in others only few were left concealed in the fastnesses of the Alps. (These columns afford space for only the fewest and briefest particulars.) In 1488 the entire population of Val Luise, driven by an army twenty times their number, took shelter in a mammoth cave. The enemy filled the narrow passage with wood and set it on fire, and thus more than 3,000 souls were either burned or smothered. Never since has a Vaudois church arisen from the ashes of that bloody valley. Between 1560 and 1562 the whole colony of Vaudois in Calabria was massacred by tortures too horrible to be uttered. Here and there one was able to hide and escape to Piedmont. Muston says: "For two whole years the pile were always kindled, the prisons choked, and the executioners bathed in blood." The talented Paschal, the leading pastor of this flock, after cruel tortures, was carried to Rome and burned at the stake in the square of St. Angelo, in the presence of Pope Pius IV and his cardinals—"roasted to make a Roman holiday." When all the Vaudois valleys had sufficient notice to combine in self-defense, they were never defeated, though the enemy outnumbered them a hundred to one. It is a remarkable fact that after all the inhuman treatment of the Vaudois, tens of thousands being put to torture and death, they never entered a battle but in self-defense, and until expelled from Piedmont never punished a foe after he was defeated. When the most brutal and bloodthirsty of their destroyers were captured, they were treated with kindness while prisoners, and then allowed to go to their homes in safety when the contest was ended. In the army, every day closed with a season of public prayer, and early every morning they publicly invoked wisdom and strength from above.

In 1655 a large army of the Propaganda made an attack upon the Vaudois, but were repulsed at every charge, till the commander called a parley and desired to treat for peace. When both parties had laid down their arms, and satisfactory details of the treaty were being written out, the emissaries of Rome, who had long been taught that it is "lawful to break faith with heretics," sprang a secret net upon the credulous Vaudois. A scene followed, which in point of ferocity and barbarity exceeded anything at the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day. When the reports went abroad the civilized world was horror-stricken. Oliver Cromwell, then the ruler of England, raised a large donation for the surviving sufferers, and sent Samuel Morland as an ambassador to the court of Savoy to protest against a repetition of such deeds of horror. So soon was Morland on the ground that he saw with his own eyes the frightful spectacle the region presented. In his diplomatic letter to the Duke of Savoy he said: "If the tyrants of all times and ages were alive again, they would doubtless be ashamed to find that nothing barbarous and inhuman, in comparison with these deeds, had ever been invented by them."

This was the process of wearing out the saints, but the two witnesses continued to prophesy in sackcloth after the larger part of their brethren had been slain. A remnant awaited the final blow. Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and soon entered on a compact with the Duke of Savoy to exterminate all heretics. The Vaudois had no longer any civil protection. At once the combined armies of France and Savoy took possession of every mountain pass, defile, plain and hiding-place. Like a prairie fire, they drew down upon the encompassed Vaudois. God's time had come, and resistance was vain. There was no human arm to help. Cromwell was dead, and an avowed Papist sat on the throne of England. At that hour all events seemed to go ill with Protestantism the world over. The Huguenots of France

were fleeing to Holland and Switzerland by thousands. The Covenanters of Scotland were hiding in the moors, creeping among the heather of the highlands, or dying in Grassmarket at Edinburgh. Dougan, an Irish Catholic, was Governor of New York, and Andros, whom Redpath, the historian, denominates "the scarlet-coated despot," was Governor of New England. A black tempest, driven by a Papal cyclone, gathered over the Bible witnesses of all lands. The Swiss retreated the Vaudois, if possible, to take refuge in Switzerland, beseeching them, as brethren, to "transport elsewhere the torch of the gospel, and not keep it here to be extinguished in blood." But they refused the counsel. The final battle of the Israel of the Alps I shall leave blank, adding only as the result that, by defeat or treachery, all the Vaudois left alive, about 14,000, were gathered into the prisons of Piedmont. One historian says: "We know not if ever before an entire nation were in prison at once. Yet now it was so. All the Vaudois race that remained from the sword were immured in the dungeons of Piedmont." Here we leave the saints and witnesses worn out and overcome, till another article shall record the blow of death and reveal the unburied bodies.

Dorcas.

FULL OF GOOD WORKS.

[A paper read in a Wednesday-evening prayer-meeting by Miss Ellen W. Bufford—one of a series on the women of the Bible.]

When the disciples at Jerusalem heard that, through the preaching of Philip, the people of Samaria had received the Word of God, they sent Peter and John, that they might preach to the people, and baptize such as believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. And, as Peter was passing through all quarters on his way back to Jerusalem, he tarried in Lydda, and there healed Eneas, who had been afflicted with the palsy for eight years. This miracle made a profound impression on the people, and we read that because of it many turned to the Lord.

Now, at this time there dwelt in the little seaside town of Joppa, about nine miles from Lydda, a good woman, a pious and charitable woman, named Tabitha, or Dorcas. From her name it is thought that she must have possessed great beauty, for it was the custom in the East to give the names of beautiful animals to beautiful women, and her name, Tabitha, signifies gazelle, an animal which is noted for its grace and beauty. Like many women in our own time, and in our own church, Dorcas went about doing good, and was full of "good works and alms-giving which she did." As some writer says, "Her soul was full of love to God and man, her whole time filled with works of piety and mercy." This is her record; we know nothing of her domestic life. Probably she had few family cares; she was perhaps a widow, or, perhaps, what we in our day and generation term an old maid; for, had she had a large household to look after, or little children to feed and clothe and to claim her attention and sympathy in their thousand little troubles, her moments would have been full, and she could not have spent her time in making coats and other garments for the widows and orphans of Joppa.

Dorcas pursued her good work for we know not how many years, but in course of time she was obliged to lay aside her works of mercy, for even her holiness and usefulness could not prevent her sickness; and at last her Lord called her, and she was not, for God took her. Her friends prepared her for burial, and laid her in an upper chamber; and as these lonely and desolate ones whom Dorcas had befriended sat around her bedside, mourning their lost benefactress, and rehearsing her many good deeds, some one told them how the apostle Peter was in Lydda, and how he had raised the palsied Eneas, and perhaps he might give them some help in this their hour of need. And so, not knowing what Peter's power might be, but with simple faith, feeling that if he could help Eneas he might do something for them in their sore distress, the mourners sent two men to Lydda imploring Peter not to delay, but to come immediately. He answered the summons as from the Lord, and hastening to Joppa, he entered the upper chamber, where lay the dead, surrounded by a sorrowing throng, who eagerly clustered around him, telling him of her many good works, and showing the garments which she had made. While they were yet talking Peter put them all from the room, and, kneeling, prayed. Then, taking the dead woman by the hand, he said, "Tabitha, arise!" and she woke from her sleep of death! We can but feebly imagine the joy and astonishment, mingled with awe, which these poor, sorrowing women experienced when their mourning was turned to joy, and they beheld their dead friend restored to life. Nor can we imagine the feelings of Dorcas, when called back to this world of care and sorrow from her bright glimpse of heavenly joys. But we are sure that as she had always followed her Saviour, and had been his faithful disciple, so now she was willing to obey his commands when called back to earth and to a new life of service.

We read that the fame of this miracle spread far and wide, and that, as in the miracle of healing Eneas, many seeing it believed in the Lord, for this miracle was not wrought by Peter in his own name, or by his own power, but, in answer to his prayers, Christ wrought it through him. We do not know how much longer time Dorcas spent in this lower sphere, but we are sure that, whether longer or shorter, her life was more than ever devoted to her Lord and Master, and the widows and orphans must have had three reasons to bless the name of Dorcas, and to praise and bless Him who had given her back to them.

Can we not learn a lesson from the life of this humble disciple? a lesson of meekness and faithful service? She may have been poor, and she certainly was but little known. Her life was like the wood-violet. Hidden under thick leaves, far from the busy haunts of man, it blossoms unseen, and only by the fragrance which it exhales is its presence discovered. So with Dorcas; her life was spent in the quiet town of Joppa. She did no great and startling deeds, she spoke no grand words; she simply did what she could, and the fragrance of her life has come down to us through these many centuries. Cannot we women, especially those who are not so much tied by family cares, follow in the footsteps of Dorcas, and in whatsoever sphere we are placed try to perform some service? There is work enough here for us all. We can teach in the Sunday-school, we can make garments for the destitute, or for those who have no time to work for themselves, or we can join in the work of visiting the sick in the hospitals, or in our own church. Perhaps we can only give a cup of cold water to some thirsty one, but let us remember that "whoever gives even a cup of cold water in the name of Christ shall receive a reward." And what a reward!—the happiness in this world which the sense of service faithfully performed always gives, and hereafter a glorious welcome into our heavenly home!

A Community's Duty Toward Its Press.

The true merchant will be a liberal, but discriminating supporter of the press in his locality. He will not feel an obligation to patronize any and everything that wears the form of newspaper, but will scan carefully the intellectual ability and moral fitness of those who assume the lofty responsibility of public teaching through the press. He will not encourage the disseminating nor continuance of journals edited by the incompetent and unworthy; but if there be none other already in existence in his county, he will combine with men like himself to procure the establishment of such a journal as is needed, or the transfer of one already existing, into the hands of some one qualified to guide opinion and dispel mental darkness. Such a journal he will liberally and steadily encourage and support by advertising in its columns at a good price, by urging upon other business men the duty of doing likewise, and by soliciting his customers and neighbors to give it at least their subscriptions, regularly continued, and uniformly paid in advance. By pursuing this course, the merchant may do very much toward the diffusion of intelligence, the predominance of sound principles and the advancement of morals. He need not be a political brawler, nor habitual agitator on any subject—there is a more excellent way. He may give to an approved and influential journal in his county from two to five hundred dollars' worth of advertising per annum, and procure from others, by the power of his solicitations and example, five times as much more; while each name added to the list of its subscribers extends the publicity of its announcements, and their potency in enlarging his business.—[Printers' Circular.]

Two Ways—Which?

One evening in a parlor at a summer watering-place the young people were dancing. One young lady was not taking any part in the exercise. "Does not your daughter dance?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother. "No," was the reply. "Why, how will she get on in the world?" "I am not bringing her up for the world," was the quiet answer. That young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is felt in many of the Christian interests of a great city. But for what are you bringing up your daughters, dear mothers of other young girls? What aim have you for them? You brought them and gave them to God in baptism. Were you sincere? Did you mean that they should indeed be "lent unto the Lord" as long as they live? Are you bringing them up for the Lord, or for the world? What are your dreams and ambitions for them? What do you want to see them become? Do you want them to shine in society, to "marry well," to live in wealth? Is that the vision that fills your soul when you think of them? Look on a little further. Life is short. Suppose your dream is fulfilled—is it anything more than a dream? What lies beyond? The curtain is drawn, and there is the hushed chamber of death. What do you want for your child then? The curtain is drawn again, and eternity opens. What would your fond affection choose for her then? It is better to think matters of this kind through to the end.—[The Westminster Teacher.]

The United States Electrical Conference, in session at Philadelphia, September 11th, after long discussion, agreed to recommend to the Government to adopt the word "watt" as the unit of electrical power for a uniform system of electrical measures for electrical purposes. They also recommend the establishment of a bureau of physical standards, and that steps be forthwith taken for laying the matter before the next Congress.

On Saturday night, September 6th, the treasury of the American Board needed \$10,000 in order to close the year without a debt. On Monday, the last day the books were to remain open, an installment of \$10,000 from the Swett legacy providentially arrived, which, with other gifts, and the transfer to next year's account of some payments now due, enables the Board to close the year with a surplus of some \$500.

A Bombay merchant has lately given 15,000 rupees toward the founding of a girls' school; and the Maharaja of Travancore has given a large sum in aid of female medical education.

Horses Without Shoes.

A correspondent writes: "Over three years ago articles appeared in several papers advising the working of horses without shoes, and at the same time giving the experience of several persons who had used them without shoes with complete success. I was so impressed with the statements that I was induced to have the shoes of one of my horses taken off. I turned him out to grass for about a month, and then put him to work, lightly at first, and, I must confess, with fear and trembling; but after a trial I was so pleased with the result that I took the shoes off my other two horses, and I have worked them without shoes ever since, now about three years. I find they work better, are more sure-footed, and far less liable to lameness, than when shod, and I am well satisfied that horses' feet as nature made them are all-sufficient for ordinary work, and, I believe, for extraordinary work. After my long experience I should now as soon think of going to a farrier myself to be shod as to send my horses for that purpose. What surprised me most was that one of my horses was continually falling lame, and we never could discover the cause; but since she has been worked without shoes she has never shown the symptoms of lameness, and never stumbled, which she did very much when shod, from which I infer that the paring the soles when shoeing made her feet very tender, and was the cause of all the trouble. Our roads are rough, hilly and stony—much more so than the average roads; so that my success cannot be attributed to superiority in this respect. Equestrians would find it far safer to use horses without shoes, as the soles become so hard as to be non-sensitive to small stones, and the animals are thus far less liable to stumble. To prevent the hoofs from chipping the toes should be kept slightly rounded by a coarse file, such as is used by farriers, and, as the feet should always be looked to when the horse is groomed, the time required to do this is very trifling."—*Popular Science News.*

Get the Meaning.

The Bible is, indeed, a deep book, when depth is required—that is to say, for deep people. But it is not intended particularly for profound persons; on the contrary, much more for shallow and simple persons. And, therefore, the first, and generally, the main and leading idea of the Bible is on its surface, written in plainest possible Greek, Hebrew or English, needing no penetration or amplification—needing nothing but that we might give attention. But this, in every one's power, and is the only thing that God wants, is just the last thing that any one will give him. We are delighted to ramble away into day dreams, to repeat pet verses from other places, suggested by chance words; to snap at an expression which suits our particular views, or to dig up a meaning from under a verse, which we should be amply grieved to think any human being had been so happy as to find before. But a plain, intended, immediate, fruitful meaning, which every one ought to find always, and especially that which depends on our seeing the relation of the verse to those near it, and getting the force of the whole passage in due relation—this sort of significance we do not look for, it being truly not to be discovered, unless we really attend to what is said, instead of our feelings.—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

GLADSTONE IN SCOTLAND.—The recent campaign of Mr. Gladstone in Scotland has been a remarkable triumph, and everywhere he was received with extraordinary demonstrations of popular regard. An immense demonstration in favor of the Franchise bill occurred in Glasgow. At least 70,000 persons took part in the procession, which was ten miles long. Numerous banners and emblems were carried by the procession, bearing stinging legends attacking the House of Lords, or caricatures of the Conservative leaders. Lord Randolph Churchill was represented as sucking a baby's bottle, and the Marquis of Salisbury attired as an old woman and lugubriously weeping. Forty bands, placed at intervals, furnished music for the unending throng. The speeches were made at the Glasgow Green, on which eight platforms had been erected.

A NEW HONOR FOR BISMARCK.—Emperor William, in a letter conferring the Order of Merit upon Chancellor Bismarck, says: "During two wars you stood by your Emperor as the most careful adviser in your military capacity. I know your heart and soul are so much those of the soldier that I hope to give you pleasure by conferring upon you this Order, which your predecessors held with pride. I give myself the consolation of allowing the man whom God has given me for a support, and who does such great things for the Fatherland, to receive, also, as a soldier, that recognition of his services which he has so well earned."

SWISS STATISTICS.—Swiss statistics show that the land of Switzerland and its natural productions afford employment for 410,023 men and 147,716 women, and that the labor of these persons support 1,168,137 individuals. Those who live on rents, interest, pensions and annuities number in Switzerland 56,055, or about two in each 100 of population. Fundholders who are nothing else comprise 8,823 men and 17,871 women. The members of the fundholders' families number in addition 17,983 individuals, and their servants number 11,388.

It has been found that a mixture of seventy parts of air and thirty parts of hydrogen gas ignites at a temperature between 1,026 degrees, and 1,023 degrees Fah., while the ignition point of a mixture of coal gas with air in similar proportions varies from 1,215 degrees.

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Home Circle.

The Universal Need.

"I will send the Comforter."

What is it the people need?
Oh, sad are the eyes we meet,
And sad are the tones that plead
In the dusty, desolate street,
And there's little laughter that seems to
spring
Straight from the heart like a real thing.

There are shadows that darken and creep
Over the brow of the young;
There are eyes that cannot sleep
Though a lullaby were sung;
And every one has a load to bear,
And every week has a day of care.

But there is a Friend who is strong
And gentle, tender and true,
Whose presence awakens song,
Whose blessing is like the dew,
Who comes to the sad to minister,
And the name of him is the Comforter.

For when he comes he makes,
Instead of earth's restlessness,
A peace that of heaven partakes,
A haven of quietness;
He takes the weeping with gracious hand,
And leads them out to a better land.

Oh, Sent of the Son of God,
Who knew of the people's need,
Whose feet our ways have trod,
Hear when our sorrows plead;
Comforter, pity and cherish us,
Comforter, come and abide with us.

—Christian World.

The Old Pastor.

"Yes, things in the church is dull—
all at a standstill, so to speak. Parson
Miles ought to spur up a little."

Me and John was sitting on the front
porch Sunday afternoon, he smoking
his pipe and looking over the Sunday
paper, sometimes reading a bit to me
which most always put me half asleep,
as it is natural enough when there's noth-
ing to do to keep one awake. But I al-
ways get wide awake when he begins to
talk, so when he said that, I says to
him:

"Well, I must say I'm getting tired of
the same old thing. Now, when I was
over to Spenceville, where they've just
got a new minister, there was so much go-
ing on and everything so lively. There
was all the ladies fixing up the parsonage,
and everybody calling there, and presents,
and then the house-warming, dear me!
it all seemed to make so much good feel-
ing."

"That's it," said John. "There's
no feeling at all here. Parson Miles is a
good enough man, but he's slow—yes
rather slow. It sometimes comes over
me, Maria (and then John spoke lower,
though whether it was in fear of being
heard by the leaves that whispered in the
apple-tree that shades the porch, or by
the birds building their nest there, or by
old Carlo that lay on the mat, is more
than I can say, but there wa'n't nothing
else to hear), 'that praps we need a
change, though I wouldn't be the one to
start the idea.'"

"No, indeed," says I; "but still he's
been here a long time."

"Yes, and getting a little old. A
younger man, now, would 'liven things
up. We could pay him a better salary,
and give him a good setting out. The
church is well able to do it."

"There's no fault to be found with
Brother Miles, though," says I, for I
couldn't find it in my heart to run him
down.

"Not a bit. It's only that—well—
only that, praps—his usefulness here is
at an end. What do you say, Maria, to
us riding over to hear Parson Tuttle this
evening, just for a variety? He's more
my style—beats and whacks away and
wakes folks up."

"What?" says I. "Clear over to
Radnor?" It was ten miles and more.

"Yes," says he. "I'll hitch up
Prancer, and we can make it in an hour."
I see he was a little restless, and rather
liked the idea of a ride after the colts,
so I made no objection. As we got near
Radnor there were lots of folks on their
way to church.

"Great many out for evening worship,"
says I. "Our folks don't turn out this
evening."

"Parson Tuttle's a man that draws,"
says John. "Keeps up the interest, you
see!"

There was quite a crowd in the entry,
and as we were waiting for some one to
show us a seat, we overheard a man say:

"You'll hear something worth hearing
to-night. Mr. (I couldn't get hold of
the name, though I tried), is going to
preach."

I was afraid John had set his heart on
hearing Mr. Tuttle, but, as far as I was
concerned, I didn't mind hearing a stran-
ger, especially if he was like they said,
for they were keeping right on:

"He's a strong speaker, yes, strong—
that's just the word. We're always glad
when we get him on an exchange. Won-
der is, a man like him's let stay so
long in the country living. None of your
hop-and-jump sort—don't waste no force
hammering out sparks, but goes at it, and
drives in the truth square and solid, and
then he clinches it—yes, sir, he just
clinches it—that's the very word."

I could see the folks were expecting
something a little more than common by
the way they looked as they settled into
their seats. I was looking about a lit-
tle, trying to see if anybody I knew was
there, for I knew a few of the Radnor
folks (though what with running to
Eliza Jane's or to Susan's, now that
they're married, and something or other
always ailing with one or other of the
children, and the work at home, it's a
wonder I ever keep track of anything
else), and didn't look toward the pulpit
at all till I heard the minister's voice,
and then I almost jumped from my seat
as I stared at him. Then I turned and
stared at John, and he stared at me.

It was Parson Miles, as sure as you
live!

If it hadn't a-been in church I should
a-laughed right out to see John's blank
look. But I sobered down, and then I

couldn't help seeing how those people
listened. It was very plain they con-
sidered Parson Miles no small doings.
And it set me noticing him myself a
good deal sharper than I'd been doing of
late. I tried to look at him and to listen
to him as if I'd been somebody else be-
sides myself. I couldn't feel to say he
was a very handsome man, but I made
up my mind you don't often see a more
earnest, scholarly face than his.

Then I noticed the sprinkling of gray
on his hair and beard, and somehow the
tears would come into my eyes as I be-
gan thinking over the long years he'd
been among us. My heart warmed as I
remembered the tender way in which he
used to hold our little ones as he baptiz-
ed them. I couldn't think of a time of
trouble or of joy when his face hadn't
been good to see. I couldn't remember
a time of sickness when he hadn't brought
strength and comfort; and I could almost
hear again how often his voice had seem-
ed to bring down a beam of hope and
faith as we stood by an open grave.

When he came to his text, John gave
me a little poke, for, if you'll believe me,
it was the same we'd heard in the morn-
ing. But I had to confess to myself I
hadn't listened much, for I'd got into
the way of thinking Brother Miles' ser-
mons didn't edify me any longer. I
thought to myself, though, that if I
hadn't listened then I would now. And
when I saw the man we'd heard in the
entry give a little nod to the other man,
once in a while, as much as to say,
"Didn't I tell you so? That's one of his
clinchers!" I actually began to feel
a little bit scared, wondering whether
some of these Radnor folks mightn't take
a notion to give our pastor a call.

I think John, as well as me, was a lit-
tle proud to have folks know he was our
minister when the handshaking came
when meeting was out. And when some
one congratulated him at hearing such
preaching all the time, he took it just
exactly as if he'd always considered Mr.
Miles the greatest preacher going.

We didn't speak a word for mor'n half
the way home, and then says John:
"I say, Maria, there's such a thing as
going further and faring worse."

"Well," says I, "if that's what you
mean we've been doing to-night, I think
we've been faring just about the same."

"No," says he, "that isn't what I
mean." And after a while he says:
"Maria, how much bigger salary
ought we to raise for a preacher?"

I was right up and down discouraged
to hear him go back to that, for I'd been
all the time hoping he'd been thinking
pretty much as I had. But I didn't say
anything, for I've often seen it's no use
to oppose John when he's worked up
over a thing, but to try a quiet word or
two afterwards. He went on:

"Yes, it ought to be done. Things
need stirring up, and I'm going to stir
'em." He jerked the lines so Prancer
gave a jump.

"That old parsonage wants lots of re-
pairing." I'll talk to the men about it,
and then couldn't think of you women
folks see about new carpets and papering
and things?"

I says yes, although there was a
choking in my throat as I thought of
doing it for folks I didn't care for, and it
came right face to face before me the
idea of our pastor going out to seek a
home among strangers. I had a longing
in my heart to do better by him and his
than ever I'd done yet, and a feeling
that he could do more for us now he was
getting older than he could as a young
man. But I didn't say anything, and,
indeed, John didn't give me any chance,
my style—beats and whacks away and
wakes folks up."

"What?" says I. "Clear over to
Radnor?" It was ten miles and more.

"Yes," says he. "I'll hitch up
Prancer, and we can make it in an hour."

I see he was a little restless, and rather
liked the idea of a ride after the colts,
so I made no objection. As we got near
Radnor there were lots of folks on their
way to church.

"Great many out for evening worship,"
says I. "Our folks don't turn out this
evening."

"Parson Tuttle's a man that draws,"
says John. "Keeps up the interest, you
see!"

There was quite a crowd in the entry,
and as we were waiting for some one to
show us a seat, we overheard a man say:

"You'll hear something worth hearing
to-night. Mr. (I couldn't get hold of
the name, though I tried), is going to
preach."

I was afraid John had set his heart on
hearing Mr. Tuttle, but, as far as I was
concerned, I didn't mind hearing a stran-
ger, especially if he was like they said,
for they were keeping right on:

"He's a strong speaker, yes, strong—
that's just the word. We're always glad
when we get him on an exchange. Won-
der is, a man like him's let stay so
long in the country living. None of your
hop-and-jump sort—don't waste no force
hammering out sparks, but goes at it, and
drives in the truth square and solid, and
then he clinches it—yes, sir, he just
clinches it—that's the very word."

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a-laughed right out to see John's blank
look. But I sobered down, and then I

Praying for What We Do Not Expect.

I happened once to be staying with a
gentleman—a long way from here—and
a religious kind of a man he was. In
the morning he began the day with a long
family prayer that he might be kept from
sin, and might have a Christlike spirit,
and the mind that was also in Christ
Jesus; and that we might have the love
of God shed abroad in our hearts by the
Holy Ghost given unto us. A good
prayer it was, and I thought, "What a
good kind of a man you must be!" But
about an hour after I happened to be
coming along the farm, and I heard him
hallooing, and scolding, and going on
finding fault with everybody and every-
thing. And when I came into the house
with him he began again. Nothing was
right, and he was so impatient and so
quick tempered.

"'Tis very provoking to be annoyed
in this way, Daniel. I don't know what
servants in these times are good for but
to worry and vex one with their idle,
slovenly ways!"

I did not say anything for a minute or
two. And then I said, "You must be
very disappointed sir?"

"How so, Daniel—disappointed?"

"I thought you were expecting to re-
ceive a very valuable present this morn-
ing, sir, and I see it has not come."

"Present, Daniel?"—and he scratch-
ed his head as much as to say, "What-
ever can the man be talking about?"

"I certainly heard you talking about
it, sir," I said, coolly.

"Heard me speak of a valuable pres-
ent! Why, Daniel, you must be dream-
ing. I've never thought of such a
thing."

"Perhaps not, sir; but you've talked
about it, and I hoped it would come
while I was here, for I would dearly love
to see it."

He was getting angry with me now,
so I thought I would explain.

"You know, sir, this morning you
prayed for a Christlike spirit, and the love
of God shed abroad in your heart."

"Oh, that's what you mean, is it?"
and he spoke as if that weren't anything
at all.

"Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather
surprised if your prayer was to be an-
swered—if you were to feel a nice, gen-
tle, loving kind of spirit coming down
upon you, all patient, and forgiving and
kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you come to
be quite frightened like? and you'd come
in and sit all in a faint, and reckon as
if you must be a-going to die, because
you felt heavenly-minded?"

"He didn't like it very much," said
Daniel, "but I delivered my testimony,
and learned a lesson for myself, too.
You are right, Captain Joe, you are
right. We should stare very often if
the Lord was to answer our prayer."—
Daniel Quorn and his Religious Notions.

The Church Courting the World.

There is no more mistaken notion than
that the religion of the Mosaic covenant
was a ritualistic religion. It had a ritual,
certainly, but of a Messianic sym-
bol, but its whole core was spiritual.
The love of God and of one's neighbor
was the inward principle which formed
its heart. To compare such a religion
with the mere outward rites of paganism
and Romanism, is to compare light with
darkness. God is a holy God, and he
will have his people holy; and if they
substitute a ceremonial holiness, his
holy wrath will certainly fall upon them;
and in this blow not only those will fall
who, like Eli's sons, commit gross
wrongs, but those also, who like Eli's,
through indulgence or apathy, fail to re-
buke and resist the evil.

Let us take this lesson to ourselves to-
day courting the world. Its members are
trying to bring it down to the level of the
ungodly. The ball, the theatre, the nude
and lewd art, social luxuries with all
their loose moralities, are making inroads
into the sacred inclosure of the Church,
and as a satisfaction for all this worldli-
ness, Christians are making a great deal
of Lent, and Easter, and Good Friday,
and church ornamentation. It is the old
trick of Satan. The Jewish Church
struck on that rock. The Romish Church
was wrecked on the same. And the
Protestant Church is fast reaching the
same doom.—Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby.

Booth and the Lord's Prayer.

For something like a score of years
past, a story has appeared at intervals,
in the newspapers, relating how the elder
Booth once recited the Lord's Prayer at
the request of a number of clergymen,
astonishing and delighting the reverend
gentlemen, and affecting them to tears.
As I recollect the story, the tragedian,
after taking some time to prepare himself
for the effect, appeared before the com-
pany pale and tremulous, and with up-
lifted eyes, wet with tears, and pathetic
voice went through the performance, with
the effect stated above. * * *

Lately, the attention of Mr. Henry Ir-
ving, the tragedian, has been called to
this story, and it has elicited from him,
as related by a correspondent of the *Troy*
Times, the following remarks:

"The auditors were clergymen who
doubtless were unfamiliar with dramatic
effects, and Booth was a bold actor for
striking out for a big hit or a bad miss.
No doubt he may have astonished and
delighted those gentlemen; but when you
ask me if I believe that story as it is told,
I am bound to say that I don't. If a
recitation is to make anybody weep, it
must present a picture of woe or tell a
moving story. The Lord's Prayer, recited
as an elocutionist's exploit, could not
possibly serve that purpose."

Here is the last remedy for sea-sick-
ness, taken from the French papers:
"Take no food during at least four hours
previous to embarking. An hour before
stepping on board drink one or two cups
of very strong coffee (without chicory)."

Intemperance in Germany.

The theory that the devotion of the
Germans to beer saves them from the
evils of intemperance is being sadly ex-
ploded. The last year has witnessed a
considerable revival of temperance agita-
tion in Prussia, in regard to which our
Consul-General at Frankfurt, Fernand
Voegelger, presents some interesting facts
in the last bulletin of the State Depart-
ment. The consumption of beer in Prussia
has risen to the enormous amount of
87.6 liters per head annually, and that of
ardent spirits to ten or eleven liters per
head, far exceeding the American rate of
consumption. The liter is a little larger
than the quart, so that the Prussian con-
sumption of beer is from twenty to twenty-
five gallons per head, against about
ten gallons in America, while the con-
sumption of spirits there is about three
gallons against one and one-half in this
country, including what is used in the
arts. These estimates of the American
consumption are derived from the returns
of the Internal Revenue office, and may
vary for different years. The number
of open drinking-saloons in Prussia has
increased from 120,000 in 1869 to 165-
000 in 1880; ardent spirits were sold in
93,000 of these, being one to every 104
inhabitants. Of the crimes committed
in five years, forty-one per cent. were
committed under the influence of liquor,
and fifty per cent. of the pauperism is
due to intemperance. In Germany it is
clearly established, as it is everywhere,
that the multiplication of saloons increases
intemperance.

The liquor laws of the German States
have been slack under the empire, and
the evil of intemperance has thus got the
upper hand, but a recent debate in the
Prussian House of Representatives on
the guzzling of the university students
and the activity of temperance societies,
indicate a new awakening. The Gotten-
burg system is under discussion, and the
tendency is more toward the Dutch sys-
tem, corresponding to our limited license.
A few years ago the alarming increase
of intemperance in Holland, from the
multiplicity of grog-shops, led to the en-
actment of a law fixing a maximum of
saloons per capita of the population for
places of various dimensions. Cities of
50,000 people or more are allowed one
saloon to every 500 people; cities of from
20,000 to 50,000 one to four hundred;
from 10,000 to 20,000 one to 300; and
all smaller places one to every 250.
Consul-General Voegelger thinks German
opinion favors this system.

It is interesting to note that Lars O.
Smith, the "Swedish Brandy King,"
who has turned temperance advocate,
subscribes to the doctrine that "the fewer
the public houses the less drunkenness
you will have; the more places where
men can drink, the more they will drink."
He is opposed to the Gottenburg system,
which he says is corrupt, and moreover
promotes the consumption of impure
liquors. He made a fight against it by
starting an opposition at his distilleries on
the river near Stockholm, and carrying
the people to his resorts free by steamer.
The Swedish brandy is distilled from po-
tatoes, and requires expensive rectifying.
Mr. Smith favors the licensing of a few
places at a high fee—\$1,500 a year—and
is active in introducing savings
banks, co-operative kitchens and other
institutions for a working class. He has,
perhaps, come to the conclusion that he
has got to do a deal of good to offset the
evil of his products.—Springfield Repub-
lican.

False Teaching.

The most dangerous enemies of the
Church are not infidels and worldlings,
but hypocritical Christians. An enemy
in the camp is far more powerful for evil
than one outside of it. One inconsistent
Christian injures the cause of religion
more than five rampant infidels. One
backslidden minister strikes a more dis-
astrous blow at the Church than a dozen
of Ingersoll's eloquent lectures. In view
of this, it is an ominous sign that so
many ministers are departing from the
old faith, preaching the "enticing words
of men's wisdom," while they pretend to
be the elect of God. These men, pro-
claiming falsehood from the pulpit,
pandering to the spirit of the times with
a perverted gospel, are the most powerful
agencies for Satan in fighting the king-
dom of God. When, in the history of
Israel, the destruction of Ahab was
desired, and the Lord planned how to
effect it, the problem was solved in this
way: A spirit came forth and stood
before the Lord and said, "I will per-
suade him; I will be a lying spirit in the
mouth of his prophets." This plan met
with approval, and the spirit, by speak-
ing falsehood from the mouth of the
prophet, accomplished Ahab's ruin when
no other could have prevailed. Give the
devil the "livery of heaven," and he
will lead more souls astray than he
otherwise could. Put the deceitful,
flattering words of human speculation
into the form of a sermon, apparently
supported by divine authority, and they
are made thrice as potent for evil as
usual.—Christian World.

The *Savannah* crossed in 1819, but as
she was propelled in part by sails, she is
not generally taken into the account of
ocean navigation by steam. The *Sirius*,
a small steamer, led the long line of true
ocean steamers. She sailed from Liver-
pool for New York April 5, 1838, and
was followed by the large steamer *Great*
Western, which sailed from Bristol, Eng.,
on the 8th of the same month. Both
steamers entered the harbor of New York
on the 23d of April, the *Sirius* in the
morning and the *Great Western* in the
afternoon. The first voyages were really
a race, a trial of speed. Many now liv-
ing in the city will remember the great
excitement produced by their arrival,
which was not unexpected, their times of
departure from the other side having
been previously advertised.—N. Y. Ob-
server.

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Poor Mexico has a very large, graceless and cruel population. Nor is her population a very stable and loyal one. It delights in outbreaks, overthrows and revolutions. Here, now, comes the story of the massacre, by a mob, of the officers and twenty of the inhabitants of a village, simply for revenge; and that, too, just after the magnificent celebration, in the city of Mexico, of the country's independence. That republic has a dominating element in the great centers of population of thoughtful, serious, intelligent and wise-minded people. But in the remotest parts of the provinces the inhabitants are little civilized, uneducated, promiscuous and unruly. No doubt the majority were such at Salinas, where this drama was enacted. All Americans in that country know that a day may bring forth things undreamed of. It is manifest that the lower grades of Mexicans will never become honest, trustworthy and law-abiding till their moral and religious training is greatly improved. Romanism sadly neglects the morals of the people in most of the lands it dominates.

Dr. John Lord Taylor of Andover, Mass., died there September 25th. Although not a man having so wide a reputation as several others of the men connected with the literary institutions of that town, he was among the most valuable citizens. He was of the sterling quality. He came in his early manhood from Connecticut to be pastor of the South Church, where he served thirteen years; sixteen years he was treasurer of the academy and seminary; eleven years professor in the seminary. For some four or five years he has been disabled by increasing paralysis. Sagacious, kindly, trusty, he adorned the doctrine of the Saviour. He leaves one son, who is now professor in the seminary, and whose professorship was endowed by the bounty of the deceased father and the legacy of a brother.

We have alluded to a breeze which had arisen in the Southern Presbyterian Church over the evolution views of Professor Woodrow of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C. At a meeting of the directors of that institution, the professor was sustained by a vote of eight to three, although the Board was not prepared to concur in his views as to the creation of Adam's body. Dr. Woodrow had supposed that that might be the result of variation from some animal, while he taught that the spirit in Adam, as well as the whole person of Eve, was a special creation. The three members of the Board entered a protest. Probably this cannot be the end of the matter. As the matter now stands, the Southern brethren must say less about Lane Seminary, or about Union Seminary in New York and the dangerous tendencies in the Northern church.

We have just passed the autumnal equinox. Last Sunday and Monday nights the dwellers on the other side of the bay, right opposite the Golden Gate, witnessed a beautiful sight, which occurs for two or three nights in succession but twice a year. They saw the sun go down into the sea as they looked through the gates of gold. How large the orb of day seemingly was! How it burned all the sky! How it rounded, tinted and illumined the water-floor between the gates and beyond! While seeming to limit, how it stretched and expanded the idea of vastness! So near was the burning globe, and touching the ocean's rim, and still 91,000,000 of miles away, as we are taught. The season of beautiful sunsets in this latitude begins with the autumnal equinox, and we should watch and enjoy them as divine gifts. We rarely have them in spring and summer. The air is too uniform, and all the processions of the months too much alike to effect the changes in cloud-land necessary to a pictured and painted going-down of the sun—that sun which so often and so fully becomes a symbol of our earthly life

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The Swedish Free churches still surprise our Congregational people. Two members of the committee, appointed at Saratoga, to bear to Sweden the greetings of our American churches, have made an exceedingly enjoyable visit thither. These brethren were Drs. Dexter of Boston and Day of New Haven. We glean from the editorial letter in the *Congregationalist* that enough was seen to corroborate the accounts given by Superintendent Montgomery, and to deepen the interest and hope of the committee in the movement. It should seem that in many cases, at least, organization is not complete as yet. As church organizations, these people would have no legal status as to holding of property. So whatever corporate existence they have is under the name of education. Baptists have laid claim to this new movement. But it appears that baptism, so far as administered in these societies may be in any form. Some have alleged that Waldenstrom, who is influential, leans to the moral view of the Atonement. But Dr. Dexter says that the majority of the members of the societies are not aware of these peculiar views; or, if aware, have not adopted them. It is to be hoped that mutual acquaintance of the free churches with our Congregational brethren will be cultivated; only good can come of it. One of the best results we have seen as yet is the interest taken at Chicago Seminary in inaugurating a Scandinavian department there. It is long past the time when our polity should have ceased to be provincial. Several signs multiply that indicate that we are to become national. The boundless continent may be ours yet. Our polity is best fitted of any to be ecumenical. Welcome, then, every effort that is made to acquaint Greek and barbarian, native and foreigner, with the simple but germinant thought that one is the Master, and all who have his spirit are not only brethren, but peers in the conduct of his kingdom.

The political campaign is passing on and off. In four weeks it will have ended, and its results will be known. These are already so far assured as to relieve us of any deep concern. We can already draw lessons from the events of the recent months regarding what men will say and teach under excitement and bias. One of these is the assertion that, in a candidate for the Presidency, political purity is of more consequence than personal morality. Now, it is not possible that any virtuous man could say that, unless fearfully misled. Surely, for any conspicuous place, personal morality should be first and foremost. Without it no man ought to be even proposed, much less nominated and voted for. Personal ability and public experience come next in the line of qualifications. Political correctness, however desirable, is but a third-rate consideration. So, we think one of the unintended results of the campaign will be to prevent the nomination, in the future, of any man to office who is known to be morally unclean, as well as to make, hereafter, still more difficult the nomination of any man, however great and good otherwise, whose political record is stained.

"Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it."
So far the maker of rhymes. Is the teaching true? Very likely, in the line of natural affection. There are few, and these we must account monsters, whom, socially, "none can love and none can thank." No one has any monopoly of good nature; in circumstances where pleasantry and humor put us at our best every side is sunny in the beams of such a light. But men are "sunny" in the scene of mirth and festivity who are morose at home; polite to other men's wives and curt to our own. Some children cannot find the sunny side of men, other than exceptionally; and some adults have learned not "to be believers in it." In solitude, in travel, among strangers, when off their guard, how selfish, unsunny and scowling men are!—all men, when their failings do not "lean to virtue's side," and when no spirit of the world's great Exemplar has taken possession of them. In fact, all moralists have finally seen that human nature greatly needs something to sweeten it and some-

thing to cheer it. So many are soured and so many embittered early in life that, were it not for the Bible and religion, half the world would go mad, as now fragments of society do.

THE PACIFIC loves to "consider the heavens the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars," for these "declare the glory" of God. And we are likely to include air, earth and sea in the same general connection. It seems vulgar and earthly to some to study the phenomena of meteorology (the weather, the air, the storms, the clouds, the seasons and all that), while they regard astronomy as glorious, if not religious. But the same hand made all; all are wonderful mechanisms simply—and all say, "The hand that made us is divine." Beauty and sublimity characterize all; though we poorly comprehend the immensities lying out beyond our solar system. All this is prefatory to our saying, as the melancholy of autumn touches us, that it is pleasant, once more, to see the constellations of Pleiades, Hyades and Orion climbing up the eastern sky. Among other things they remind us of certain lone rides by night, in snow and cold, during our boyhood, when they kept us sweet company and were fresh to our study. And now, on the down hill of life, we are not going to love them less. We should always be saying with Job, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

Prof. Alonzo Tripp of Boston, the well known traveler, author and lecturer, may be expected to give shortly, in San Francisco, a course of his descriptive series, on the latest great epochs of French and European history, with personal reminiscences of the prominent actors, including the present Eastern question, and existing war in China, illustrated by large colored maps.

It is reported that a ball was fired into the car in which Governor St. John was riding in Indiana, October 1st. If it was intended for him, and if it had killed him, it would not stop the great prohibition movement in which he is an honored standard-bearer. Such murderous deeds are in the line of whisky men. Come out from among them!

Guardian Angels.

We are clearly taught in the Scriptures that the children of God in these earthly habitations are under the care of Guardian Angels, who watch over them with incessant vigilance, lifting them in strong arms in the time of peril, guiding them when their path is obscure, breathing upon them cheer and hope in hours of sadness and gloom, walking with them all the reaches of their earthly pilgrimage, and, as they close their journey in the flesh, bearing them to their heritage of bliss in the heaven above.

How shall we feel towards these unseen allies? What kind of intimacy and fellowship can we maintain with them? And how can we make our communion with them more real and equisite than it is?

Let us, then, in all our earthly experience, think more of the presence and nearness of these invisible guardians. These spaces about us when we seem to be alone are not vacant of intelligent life other than that of the great Omnipresent Spirit. When we sit, or walk, or muse, in what seems to us an absolute solitude so far as the fellowship of our human kindred is concerned, we may in reality be never less alone. We feel no breath upon our cheek, we touch no clasping hand, we hear no syllable of affectionate greeting, and yet as "heirs of salvation" we are in the midst of most privileged society, and watched over and cared for by this celestial ministering. Ah, if we could look into the eyes that gaze upon us, catch some tender accent of those gracious lips, appreciate the strength of enfolding and uplifting arms, and translate all the messages of quickening and guidance brought thus to our ear and our lingering spirit, what a benediction it were! But our faith must be the equivalent of this sensible conviction, and our hearts at every step take joy in this friendly and sympathetic alliance. We should let these, our guardians, see that we feel and appreciate their loving fidelity. We can understand the sensibilities of their nature by what we know of our own. How it must grieve and wound them if we walk the round of life forgetful of, or indifferent to, their presence and ministrations! And how it must gratify and reward them to see our faces brighten at the thought of their kindly proximity, and to hear from us words of loving salutation as we go and come on paths of trial and duty! Tell them with expressive speech how dear to us this blessed companionship!

We should take care that nothing offensive to them, in word or deed of ours, or in our state of mind, comes into our experience. What shall they hear from our lips as they listen? Any voices of anger, any tones of petulance, any words of hypocrisy and deceit? What shall they see as they look upon the work of our hands? What passions and wishes and purposes shall they discern as they look into the depths of our souls? Ah, let us watch against everything, in all our demonstrations, that shall cause them one pang of disappointment and sorrow! Let us seek to realize and accomplish what shall gladden and please them in all the round of our daily being! Every act of self-denial on our part, every word

of compassion, all beneficent service to God and man, how it will rejoice their hearts! Let us seek to give them this sweet and abiding gratification!

We may well anticipate the meeting and greeting with these benefactors when we shall leave the flesh. There are earthly kindred of ours gone before us to glory, reunion with whom is one of our brightest hopes for the hereafter. But what joy there will be in coming face to face with these companions of our earthly career, and telling them thankfully of the greatness of our debt for their ministrations in the eventful past! Let this bright promise ever gild our future, as we look forward to the life above!

So, in weakness and weariness and loneliness, let us take in, with a more vivid faith than we have ever exercised, the comforting thought of such a constant and adequate ministrations in all our temporal and spiritual need; and hold a more intimate and loving communion with these ever-watchful and helpful associates and friends, these unfailing angelic guardians.

A. L. S.

A Fragment of History.

(Read at the dedication of the new Congregational church, Berkeley, September 30, 1884, by Rev. C. A. Savage, pastor.)

The history of a church enterprise can never be perfectly written. Almost every church organization begins with a struggle, and is carried on during its early years by self-denials and labors and prayers which the outside world never know.

In looking up the early records of this church, I find them very meager, and for the facts which are here presented I have been obliged to rely on the memory of those "who, from the beginning, were eye-witnesses to these things."

After the University of California was located, and its educational advantages combined with the natural attractions of this neighborhood to render the future of Berkeley assured, the attention of church-loving people was awakened to the importance of some religious organization. So far as I have been able to learn, the first preaching in town was by the late Rev. S. V. Blakeley, at the Berkeley Gymnasium, then under the charge of Mr. Stone. This was in 1873. About that time some families living in Claremont, finding the Oakland churches too far away, organized a Sunday-school at the house of R. A. Morse, Esq.; and, after several months, the question was agitated by them of forming a church. To this end, consultation was held with Rev. Dr. McLean and Rev. Dr. Warren, the Home Missionary Secretary.

In the mean time, the attention of the Congregational Club of San Francisco had been directed to the growing importance of Berkeley as an educational centre, and as a strategic point for the location of a church. I find the following minutes in the records of that club:

Aug. 25, 1873.—Topic opened by Rev. J. K. McLean—"What is the duty of California Congregationalists in Relation to Berkeley?" Berkeley Committee continued and instructed to report a scheme for securing money and land for a Congregational church.

Sept. 1, 1873.—"Rev. H. M. Storrs, of the A. H. M. S., favored the Club with remarks pertinent to the relations of Congregationalists to Berkeley."

Sept. 22, 1873.—Topic opened by Rev. George Moor—"What Can Be Done, and How Can it be Done, to Obtain the Best Congregational Results from the University?"

From these minutes it appears, that in the summer of 1873, the question of forming a Congregational church in Berkeley was under consideration, and a committee was instructed to investigate the matter.

In the spring of '74 the field was canvassed by Dr. Warren, Rev. Mr. Lacy and others; and in June of that year, Dr. Moor, at a meeting of the Home Missionary Society, reported the need of immediate occupancy of Berkeley for the establishment of a Congregational Church Enterprise. It was voted to recommend an appropriation of \$100 a month for the support of a Home Missionary there. The Superintendent was authorized to confer with Rev. E. S. Lacy and Rev. C. H. Pope as to taking charge of the contemplated enterprise.

About this time a hall was secured for the purposes of religious worship. It was the southwest corner room, ground floor of the Berkeley Hotel; and these, on a date which I have not been able to ascertain, the first sermon was preached to what was to be the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, by the Rev. E. S. Lacy, Rev. Dr. Warren assisting in the services. There were present at that service about 20 persons. The Sunday-school, which had been held at Mr. Morse's, was transferred to the hall the next Sunday. The pulpit was supplied by ministerial brethren every Sunday thereafter until November, when the Rev. J. B. Seabury came on an engagement to supply for six months.

In November, '74, a movement was set on foot to organize a Congregational church—no organization up to that time having been made—and on December 1st, a Council convened for that purpose, of which Rev. Dr. Stone was Moderator, and Rev. T. K. Noble, Scribe.

In the spring of '75 a chapel was erected, for the use of the church, near the corner of Dwight Way and Choate street, on a lot given for that purpose by the First Congregational Church of Oakland. The chapel cost some \$1,500. It was first occupied some time in April or May of 1875, and continued to be used as the place of worship until June of the present year.

From July 11, 1875, till May 25, 1880, the church was under the pastoral care of the Rev. E. B. Payne, he having been formally installed by a Council Feb. 6, 1876. He was succeeded by the present pastor, who was ordained and installed Nov. 9, 1880, by a Council, of

which Rev. Dr. Benton was Moderator, and Rev. Dr. Warren, Scribe.

On the records of the H. M. S. I find that our church received help from that Society, until the beginning of the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Payne. Since then, we have been able to carry on our own burdens.

Two or three years ago it became evident that we had outgrown our first church home, and the question of building a new church began to be agitated. It seemed a great undertaking. To some, it seemed impossible for us to raise the necessary means to build. But the demand was laid upon us. God's call was to go forward, and with his help the work has been completed. We acknowledge his hand in it all, and we gratefully recognize the skillful services of our architect—gratuitously rendered—the untiring energy of the Chairman of our Building Committee, and the generous gifts from friends outside, who have interested themselves in our enterprise.

Formal action has been taken by the Trustees to place our grateful recognition of these gifts and services on record.

Since the church was organized there have been 208 names on its membership roll, and in its history of 10 years only three have died.

We number to-day 160, and in gratitude to the Great Master for his watchful and nourishing care, we have invited you, our neighbors, to-night, to help us dedicate the new house we have built for the honor of His name.

The Other Side as Well.

DEAR PACIFIC: Some of your correspondents, with the addition of occasional extracts from other sources, reflecting on Mr. Blaine, have had an airing in your columns.

The following indorsements of Mr. Blaine show very positively that there is another side as well.

LEADING CLERGYMEN TESTIFY THEIR PERSONAL REGARD AND ADHERENCE TO THE CAUSE.

NEW YORK, [Sept. 22d.—[Special].—The event of to-day was the call of a great delegation of representative clergymen from this city and Brooklyn. This delegation numbered over one hundred. They were headed by Bishop King of the Methodist Church. They came without any preliminary notice and it is safe to say that Mr. Blaine never had a happier surprise party. Each clergyman represented on the average a constituency of at least five hundred people. Bishop King, who acted as spokesman for the party, said that this call was the result of deliberate consultation. They had examined into every one of the charges that had been made against Mr. Blaine's honor and they had found absolutely nothing to shake their confidence in him. They had examined the records of both candidates, and they had come to the conclusion that every one who was an advocate of pure morals and a decent life should support Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine shook hands cordially with each one of the visitors and spent fully half an hour in social chat. The visitors went away thoroughly delighted with Mr. Blaine, after giving him their most hearty assurance that he would receive in this State the practically unanimous support of the religious people, without regard to denomination.

The Rev. George H. Gould, D.D., of Worcester, Mass., declined to attend the Prohibitory Convention as a delegate. He is well known as a radical temperance man and a strong friend of John B. Gough. He says: "Prohibitionist in sentiment as I am to the core, I cannot see it my duty at a crisis like this to withhold my vote from Blaine and Logan this autumn, and shall stand by the party that has saved the Union, freed the slave, and preserved the National honor."

NEW YORK, Sept. 25th.—Dr. Woolsey, ex-President of Yale, and the most eminent man of letters in Connecticut, has written a letter in which he says: "I have formed the opinion that Blaine cannot have acted dishonestly in the transactions to which you refer. The character of a President is only one out of several things to be considered in this election. The more important is the general character of the two parties, and especially the reliance which can be reposed in the two parties in their interpretations of the Constitution, the moral and religious worth to be found in the two and their past respect for the Constitution, and of no small importance is the ability and power of judging in the two men now candidates of the two parties. Cleveland seems to be a very small man, and unable to act independently on important questions. If, then, all things are put together, the ability and character of the two, the parties supporting them, and the danger of throwing the great weight of influence on the men who brought on the war, there can be no doubt but Blaine ought to be supported."

Resolutions by the Church at Rocklin, Cal.

WHEREAS, The Rev. D. F. Taylor, pastor of our church, has tendered his resignation. We, the members of the church, desire to express our sincere appreciation of his work among us and our regret as parting; therefore, be it

Resolved, That by his resignation we have lost a pastor who has been earnest, faithful, devoted and untiring in his effort to accomplish his Master's work.

Resolved, That we express our gratitude to him and his entire family, for their cheerful assistance in all church work. We pray that the blessing and favor of God may ever be with them.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. Taylor that they be spread upon the minutes of the church and published in THE PACIFIC.

MISS GEORGE L. STUFF, }
MRS. C. E. ROWELL, } Com'tee.
MRS. H. G. HILL, }
October 1st, 1884.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

In Pescadero.

A notable day in the history of the church in Pescadero was Thursday, October 2d. Letters missive had been issued by the church as early as last February for the ordination of Mr. J. B. Clark, who has been serving as supply of the church. Owing to circumstances which could not be foreseen, the Council was postponed twice. The third effort was most satisfactory, and a council assembled in force. Five churches were represented. Five ministers and three delegates responded to the call, besides a number of friends from San Francisco, who availed themselves of the occasion, added to the presence as well as interest of the Council. The Superintendent was elected Moderator, and Rev. W. C. Pond Scribe. The candidate and the church sought the advice of Council in regard to the installation of the candidate in connection with his ordination, it being represented that it was the unanimous desire of the church that Mr. Clark should be settled as its permanent pastor. With the light presented by the facts, Council unanimously advised the installation.

A large and interested congregation, nearly filling the house, assembled for the public services in the evening. The choir led the congregation in the service of song.

Rev. Mr. Duncan, pastor of the M. E. church, read the Scripture lesson. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. D. Barrows, a thrilling and noble discourse on "Faithfulness in Little Things."

The ordaining and installing prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. J. C. Holbrook, who also gave the charge. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. W. C. Pond, to whom it is always a pleasure, when it falls to his lot, to render such a right-hand welcome. The address to the church and society was delivered by the Moderator.

This is the first installation in connection with the history of the church, and the blessing of the sacred revelation overflowed largely in the hearty congratulations of pastor and people.

From the evidences of harmony and good feeling existing, we are confident that Brother Clark has before him the promise of a useful and prosperous pastorate.

Vacaville.

The Congregational friends in Vacaville took possession of their new hall last Sunday, and commenced their regular services. The hall is seated so as to accommodate three hundred, and it was quite well filled both morning and evening.

After the morning service the committee who have the matter of an early organization in hand reported by the Chairman, G. W. Allen, that everything so far was encouraging.

Pledges in money were liberal, and promises to co-operate in every way have come in to make the new enterprise successful socially, financially, morally and spiritually.

It is clear, beyond a question, to those who are in this movement that they have not acted a day too soon, and the Congregational Church has a mission which it alone can work out in Vacaville.

It was decided also to commence Sabbath-school work next Sunday, to organize a Ladies' Aid Society this week, and to provide for temporary supplies from Sunday to Sunday, until a permanent pastor can be secured.

The determination is strong to be self-supporting from the start, and with the right man for their minister there will be no doubt of their success.

A large Bible, the first as well as the most fitting gift, was presented to the new society by Mrs. E. Scott, one of the mothers in our Congregational Israel of California.

Vacaville is growing as a rapid rate. Large ranches are being subdivided into tracts of twenty and forty acres, and sold to parties who are interested in the culture of fruit. No section of California produces earlier or better fruit than this, and in one or two years the population bids fair to almost double its present number.

There will be plenty of work for the new as well as the old churches.

An Original Dedication Hymn.

[Sung at the dedication of the First Congregational Church, Berkeley.]

Jehovah's voice is on the hill,
His mountain churches grandly rise—
Rise thou, my soul, with holy thrill;
Lift to thy home adoring eyes—
Jehovah's secret voice is sweet,
Where life is entered in his shrine;
Bend low, my soul, in silence meet,
With more than words, the Love Divine.

The inner language, secret prayer,
Of will that swells to faithful love,
He understands—it is the air
His seraphs breathe, all voice above;
To us the heavenly breath is faint,
The spirit drops that stands alone,
We raise to Thee a common plaint,
We break with words the seraph tone.

We cannot live from others free,
We are too weak to be apart;
This church we dedicate to Thee;
In it we dedicate our heart.
Here teach the common prayer to thine,
And here may thine voices raise,
Before they sing in choir divine,
Songs without words, thy perfect praise.

The Congregational Club of Boston, at its last meeting, took a vote on the Presidential candidates with the following results: Blaine, 175; St. John, 42; Cleveland, 6; and for Butler, 0.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1884.

TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—Any person sending us \$7.50, with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year. THE PACIFIC is not published to make money or pay salaries, but solely to help on our Master's work. If you are not a subscriber, send your address, and pay \$2.50 at any time within three months. It will pay you and yours well.

Read advertisement of "Cram's World Atlas," price \$5, in another column. This very valuable work we will send, post paid, together with THE PACIFIC, for one year, to all our subscribers, new or old, who will pay to our agents, or send to us, \$6. Address THE PACIFIC, Box 2348, San Francisco, Cal.

Poor Mexico has a very large, graceless and cruel population. Nor is her population a very stable and loyal one. It delights in outbreaks, overthrows and revolutions. Here, now, comes the story of the massacre, by a mob, of the officers and twenty of the inhabitants of a village, simply for revenge; and that, too, just after the magnificent celebration, in the city of Mexico, of the country's independence. That republic has a dominating element in the great centers of population of thoughtful, serious, intelligent and wise-minded people. But in the remote parts of the provinces the inhabitants are little civilized, uneducated, promiscuous and unruly. No doubt the majority were such at Salinas, where this drama was enacted. All Americans in that country know that a day may bring forth things undreamed of. It is manifest that the lower grades of Mexicans will never become honest, trustworthy and law-abiding till their moral and religious training is greatly improved. Romanism sadly neglects the morals of the people in most of the lands it dominates.

Dr. John Lord Taylor of Andover, Mass., died there September 25th. Although not a man having so wide a reputation as several others of the men connected with the literary institutions of that town, he was among the most valuable citizens. He was of the sterling quality. He came in his early manhood from Connecticut to be pastor of the South Church, where he served thirteen years; sixteen years he was treasurer of the academy and seminary; eleven years professor in the seminary. For some four or five years he has been disabled by increasing paralysis. Sagacious, kindly, trusty, he adorned the doctrine of the Saviour. He leaves one son, who is now professor in the seminary, and whose professorship was endowed by the bounty of the deceased father and the legacy of a brother.

We have alluded to a breeze which had arisen in the Southern Presbyterian Church over the evolution views of Professor Woodrow of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C. At a meeting of the directors of that institution, the professor was sustained by a vote of eight to three, although the Board was not prepared to concur in his views as to the creation of Adam's body. Dr. Woodrow had supposed that that might be the result of variation from some animal, while he taught that the spirit in Adam, as well as the whole person of Eve, was a special creation. The three members of the Board entered a protest. Probably this cannot be the end of the matter. As the matter now stands, the Southern brethren must say less about Lane Seminary, or about Union Seminary in New York and the dangerous tendencies in the Northern church.

We have just passed the autumnal equinox. Last Sunday and Monday nights the dwellers on the other side of the bay, right opposite the Golden Gate, witnessed a beautiful sight, which occurs for two or three nights in succession but twice a year. They saw the sun go down into the sea as they looked through the gates of gold. How large the orb of day seemingly was! How it burnished all the sky! How it rounded, tinted and illumined the water-floor between the gates and beyond! While seeming to limit, how it stretched and expanded the idea of vastness! So near was the burning globe, and touching the ocean's rim, and still 91,000,000 of miles away, as we are taught. The season of beautiful sunsets in this latitude begins with the autumnal equinox, and we should watch and enjoy them as divine gifts. We rarely have them in spring and summer. The air is too uniform, and all the processions of the months too much alike to effect the changes in cloud-land necessary to a pictured and painted going-down of the sun—that sun which so often and so fitly becomes a symbol of our earthly life

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The theological seminaries at the East open with fair promise. Andover has forty; Hartford, over fifty; Chicago, near sixty; Union Seminary, New York, not far from one hundred and fifty. Princeton has fifty Juniors; Lane, twenty; Columbia, twenty-nine. Yale College has a smaller Freshman class than usual, 125; so has Williams, only fifty-five, but Amherst has 104.

The Swedish Free churches still surprise our Congregational people. Two members of the committee, appointed at Saratoga, to bear to Sweden the greetings of our American churches, have made an exceedingly enjoyable visit thither. These brethren were Drs. Dexter of Boston and Day of New Haven. We glean from the editorial letter in the *Congregationalist* that enough was seen to corroborate the accounts given by Superintendent Montgomery, and to deepen the interest and hope of the committee in the movement. It should seem that in many cases, at least, organization is not complete as yet. As church organizations, these people would have no legal status as to holding of property. So whatever corporate existence they have is under the name of education. Baptists have laid claim to this new movement. But it appears that baptism, so far as administered in these societies may be in any form. Some have alleged that Waldenström, who is influential, leans to the moral view of the Atonement. But Dr. Dexter says that the majority of the members of the societies are not aware of these peculiar views; or, if aware, have not adopted them. It is to be hoped that mutual acquaintance of the free churches with our Congregational brethren will be cultivated; only good can come of it. One of the best results we have seen as yet is the interest taken at Chicago Seminary in inaugurating a Scandinavian department there. It is long past the time when our polity should have ceased to be provincial. Several signs multiply that indicate that we are to become national. The boundless continent may be ours yet. Our polity is best fitted of any to be ecumenical. Welcome, then, every effort that is made to acquaint Greek and barbarian, native and foreigner, with the simple but germinant thought that one is the Master, and all who have his spirit are not only brethren, but peers in the conduct of his kingdom.

The political campaign is passing on and off. In four weeks it will have ended, and its results will be known. These are already so far assured as to relieve us of any deep concern. We can already draw lessons from the events of the recent months regarding what men will say and teach under excitement and bias. One of these is the assertion that, in a candidate for the Presidency, political purity is of more consequence than personal morality. Now, it is not possible that any virtuous man could say that, unless fearfully misled. Surely, for any conspicuous place, personal morality should be first and foremost. Without it no man ought to be even proposed, much less nominated and voted for. Personal ability and public experience come next in the line of qualifications. Political correctness, however desirable, is but a third-rate consideration. So, we think one of the unintended results of the campaign will be to prevent the nomination, in the future, of any man to office who is known to be morally unclean, as well as to make, hereafter, still more difficult the nomination of any man, however great and good otherwise, whose political record is stained.

"Let's find the sunny side of men, Or be believers in it; A light there is in every soul That takes the pains to win it." So far the maker of rhymes. Is the teaching true? Very likely, in the line of natural affection. There are few, and these we must account monsters, whom, socially, "none can love and none can thank." No one has any monopoly of good nature; in circumstances where pleasantry and humor put us at our best every side is sunny in the beams of such a light. But men are "sunny" in the scene of mirth and festivity who are morose at home; polite to other men's wives and curt to our own. Some children cannot find the sunny side of men, other than exceptionally; and some adults have learned not "to be believers in it." In solitude, in travel, among strangers, when off their guard, how selfish, unsunny and scowling men are!—all men, when their failings do not "lean to virtue's side," and when no spirit of the world's great Exemplar has taken possession of them. In fact, all moralists have finally seen that human nature greatly needs something to sweeten it and some-

thing to cheer it. So many are soured and so many embittered early in life that, were it not for the Bible and religion, half the world would go mad, as now fragments of society do.

THE PACIFIC loves to "consider the heavens the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars," for these "declare the glory" of God. And we are likely to include air, earth and sea in the same general connection. It seems vulgar and earthly to some to study the phenomena of meteorology (the weather, the air, the storms, the clouds, the seasons and all that), while they regard astronomy as glorious, if not religious. But the same hand made all; all are wonderful mechanisms simply—and all say, "The hand that made us is divine." Beauty and sublimity characterize all; though we poorly comprehend the immensities lying out beyond our solar system. All this is prefatory to our saying, as the melancholy of autumn touches us, that it is pleasant, once more, to see the constellations of Pleiades, Hyades and Orion climbing up the eastern sky. Among other things they remind us of certain lone rides by night, in snow and cold, during our boyhood, when they kept us sweet company and were fresh to our study. And now, on the down hill of life, we are not going to love them less. We should always be saying with Job, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

Prof. Alonzo Tripp of Boston, the well known traveler, author and lecturer, may be expected to give shortly, in San Francisco, a course of his descriptive series, on the latest great epochs of French and European history, with personal reminiscences of the prominent actors, including the present Eastern question, and existing war in China, illustrated by large colored maps.

It is reported that a ball was fired into the car in which Governor St. John was riding in Indiana, October 1st. If it was intended for him, and if it had killed him, it would not stop the great prohibition movement in which he is an honored standard-bearer. Such murderous deeds are in the line of whisky men. Come out from among them!

Guardian Angels.

We are clearly taught in the Scriptures that the children of God in these earthly habitations are under the care of Guardian Angels, who watch over them with incessant vigilance, lifting them in strong arms in the time of peril, guiding them when their path is obscure, breathing upon them cheer and hope in hours of sadness and gloom, walking with them all the reaches of their earthly pilgrimage, and, as they close their journey in the flesh, bearing them to their heritage of bliss in the heaven above.

How shall we feel towards these unseen allies? What kind of intimacy and fellowship can we maintain with them? And how can we make our communion with them more real and sensible than it is?

Let us, then, in all our earthly experience, think more of the presence and nearness of these invisible guardians. These spaces about us when we seem to be alone are not vacant of intelligent life other than that of the great Omnipresent Spirit. When we sit, or walk, or muse, in what seems to us an absolute solitude so far as the fellowship of our human kindred is concerned, we may in reality be never less alone. We feel no breath upon our cheek, we touch no clasp of greeting, and yet as "heirs of salvation" we are in the midst of most privileged society, and watched over and cared for by this celestial ministering. Ah, if we could look into the eyes that gaze upon us, catch some tender accent of those gracious lips, appreciate the strength of enfolding and uplifting arms, and translate all the messages of quickening and guidance brought thus to our erring and lingering spirits, what a benediction it were! But our faith must be the equivalent of this sensible conviction, and our hearts at every step we take rejoice in this friendly and sympathetic alliance. We should let these, our guardians, see that we feel and appreciate their loving fidelity. We can understand the sensibilities of their nature by what we know of our own. How it must grieve and wound them if we walk the round of life forgetful of, or indifferent to, their presence and ministrations! And how it must gratify and reward them to see our faces brightened at the thought of their kindly proximity, and to hear from us words of loving salutation as we go and come on paths of trial and duty! Tell them with expressive speech how dear to us this blessed companionship!

We should take care that nothing offensive to them, in word or deed of ours, or in our state of mind, comes into our experience. What shall they hear from our lips as they listen? Any voices of anger, any tones of petulance, any words of hypocrisy and deceit? What shall they see as they look upon the work of our hands? What passions and wishes and purposes shall they discern as they look into the depths of our souls? Ah, let us watch against everything, in all our demonstrations, that shall cause them one pang of disappointment and sorrow! Let us seek to realize and accomplish what shall gladden and please them in all the round of our daily being! Every act of self-denial on our part, every word

of compassion, all beneficent service to God and man, how it will rejoice their hearts! Let us seek to give them this sweet and abiding gratification!

We may well anticipate the meeting and greeting with these benefactors when we shall leave the flesh. There are earthly kindred of ours gone before us to glory, reunion with whom is one of our brightest hopes for the hereafter. But what joy there will be in coming face to face with these companions of our earthly career, and telling them thankfully of the greatness of our debt for their ministrations in the eventful past! Let this bright promise ever gild our future, as we look forward to the life above!

So, in weakness and weariness and loneliness, let us take in, with a more vivid faith than we have ever exercised, the comforting thought of such a constant and adequate ministration in all our temporal and spiritual need; and hold a more intimate and loving communion with these ever-watchful and helpful associates and friends, these unfailing angelic guardians.

A. L. S.

A Fragment of History.

[Read at the dedication of the new Congregational church, Berkeley, September 30, 1884, by Rev. C. A. Savage, pastor.]

The history of a church enterprise can never be perfectly written. Almost every church organization begins with a struggle, and is carried on during its early years by self-denials and labors and prayers which the outside world never knew.

In looking up the early records of this church, I find them very meager, and for the facts which are here presented I have been obliged to rely on the memory of those "who, from the beginning, were eye-witnesses to these things."

After the University of California was located, and its educational advantages combined with the natural attractions of this neighborhood to render the future of Berkeley assured, the attention of church-loving people was awakened to the importance of some religious organization. So far as I have been able to learn, the first preaching in town was by the late Rev. S. V. Blakelee, at the Berkeley Gymnasium, then under the charge of Mr. Stone. This was in 1873. About that time some families living in Claremont, finding the Oakland churches too far away, organized a Sunday-school at the house of R. A. Morse, Esq.; and, after several months, the question was agitated by them of forming a church. To this end, consultation was held with Rev. Dr. McLean and Rev. Dr. Warren, the Home Missionary Secretary.

In the mean time, the attention of the Congregational Club of San Francisco had been directed to the growing importance of Berkeley as an educational center, and as a strategic point for the location of a church. I find the following minutes in the records of that club:

Aug. 25, 1873.—Topic opened by Rev. J. K. McLean—"What is the duty of California Congregationalists in relation to Berkeley?" "Berkeley Committee continued and instructed to report a scheme for securing money and land for a Congregational church."

Sept. 1, 1873.—"Rev. H. M. Storrs, of the A. H. M. S., favored the Club with remarks pertinent to the relations of Congregationalists to Berkeley."

Sept. 22, 1873.—Topic opened by Rev. George Moor—"What Can be Done, and How Can it be Done, to Obtain the Best Congregational Results from the University?"

From these minutes it appears, that in the summer of 1873, the question of forming a Congregational church in Berkeley was under consideration, and a committee was instructed to investigate the matter.

In the spring of '74 the field was canvassed by Dr. Warren, Rev. Mr. Lacy and others; and in June of that year, Dr. Moor, at a meeting of the Home Missionary Society, reported the need of immediate occupancy of Berkeley for the establishment of a Congregational Church Enterprise. It was voted to recommend an appropriation of \$100 a month for the support of a Home Missionary there. The Superintendent was authorized to confer with Rev. E. S. Lacy and Rev. C. H. Pope as to taking charge of the contemplated enterprise.

About this time a hall was secured for the purposes of religious worship. It was the southwest corner room, ground floor of the Berkeley Hotel; and there, on a date which I have not been able to ascertain, the first sermon was preached to what was to be the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, by the Rev. E. S. Lacy, Rev. Dr. Warren assisting in the services. There were present at that service about 20 persons. The Sunday-school, which had been held at Mr. Morse's, was transferred to the hall the next Sunday. The pulpit was supplied by ministerial brethren every Sunday thereafter until November, when the Rev. J. B. Seabury came on an engagement to supply for six months.

In November, '74, a movement was set on foot to organize a Congregational church—no organization up to that time having been made—and on December 1st, a Council convened for that purpose, of which Rev. Dr. Stone was Moderator, and Rev. T. K. Noble, Scribe.

In the spring of '75 a chapel was erected, for the use of the church, near the corner of Dwight Way and Choate street, on a lot given for that purpose by the First Congregational Church of Oakland. The chapel cost some \$1,500. It was first occupied some time in April or May of 1875, and continued to be used as the place of worship until June of the present year.

From July 11, 1875, till May 25, 1880, the church was under the pastoral care of the Rev. E. B. Payne, he having been formally installed by a Council Feb. 6, 1876. He was succeeded by the present pastor, who was ordained and installed Nov. 9, 1880, by a Council, of

which Rev. Dr. Benton was Moderator, and Rev. Dr. Warren, Scribe.

On the records of the H. M. S. I find that our church received help from that Society, until the beginning of the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Payne. Since then, we have been able to carry our own burdens.

Two or three years ago it became evident that we had outgrown our first church home, and the question of building a new church began to be agitated. It seemed a great undertaking. To some, it seemed impossible for us to raise the necessary means to build. But the demand was laid upon us. God's call was to go forward, and with his help the work has been completed. We acknowledge his hand in it, and we gratefully recognize the skillful services of our architect—gratuitously rendered—the untiring energy of the Chairman of our Building Committee, and the generous gifts from friends outside, who have interested themselves in our enterprise.

Formal action has been taken by our Trustees to place our grateful recognition of these gifts and services on record.

Since the church was organized there have been 208 names on its membership roll, and in its history of 10 years only three have died.

We number to-day 160, and in gratitude to the Great Master for his watchful and nourishing care, we have invited you, our neighbors, to-night, to help us dedicate the new house we have built for the honor of His name.

The Other Side as Well.

DEAR PACIFIC: Some of your correspondents, with the addition of occasional extracts from other sources, reflecting on Mr. Blaine, have had an airing in your columns.

The following endorsements of Mr. Blaine show very positively that there is another side as well.

LEADING CLERGYMEN TESTIFY THEIR PERSONAL REGARD AND ADHERENCE TO THE CAUSE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22d.—[Special]—The event of to-day was the call of a great delegation of representative clergymen from this city and Brooklyn. This delegation numbered over one hundred. They were headed by Bishop King of the Methodist Church. They came without any preliminary notice and it is safe to say that Mr. Blaine never had a happier surprise party. Each clergyman represented on the average a constituency of at least five hundred people. Bishop King, who acted as spokesman for the party, said that this call was the result of deliberate consultation. They had examined into every one of the charges that had been made against Mr. Blaine's honor and they had found absolutely nothing to shake their confidence in him. They had examined the records of both candidates, and they had come to the conclusion that every one who was an advocate of pure morals and a decent life should support Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine shook hands cordially with each one of the visitors and spent fully half an hour in social chat. The visitors went away thoroughly delighted with Mr. Blaine, after giving him their most hearty assurance that he would receive in this State the practically unanimous support of the religious people, without regard to denomination.

The Rev. George H. Gould, D.D., of Worcester, Mass., declined to attend the Prohibition Convention as a delegate. He is well known as a radical temperance man and a strong friend of John B. Gough. He says: "Prohibitionist in sentiment as I am to the core, I cannot see it my duty at a crisis like this to withhold my vote from Blaine and Logan this autumn, and shall stand by the party that has saved the Union, freed the slave, and preserved the National honor."

NEW YORK, Sept. 25th.—Dr. Woolsey, ex-President of Yale, and the most eminent man of letters in Connecticut, has written a letter in which he says: "I have formed the opinion that Blaine cannot have acted dishonestly in the transactions to which you refer. The character of a President is only one out of several things to be considered in this election. The more important is the general character of the two parties, and especially the reliance which can be reposed in the two parties in their interpretations of the Constitution, the moral and religious worth to be found in the two and their past respect for the Constitution, and of no small importance is the ability and power of judging in the two men now candidates of the two parties. Cleveland seems to be a very small man, and unable to act independently on important questions. If, then, all things are put together, the ability and character of the two, the parties supporting them, and the danger of throwing the great weight of influence on the men who brought on the war, there can be no doubt but Blaine ought to be supported."

J. H. W.

Resolutions by the Church at Rocklin, Cal.

WHEREAS, The Rev. D. F. Taylor, pastor of our church, has tendered his resignation. We, the members of the church, desire to express our sincere appreciation of his work among us and our regret as parting; therefore, be it

Resolved, That by his resignation we have lost a pastor who has been earnest, faithful, devoted and untiring, in his effort to accomplish his Master's work.

Resolved, That we express our gratitude to him and his entire family, for their cheerful assistance in all church work. We pray that the blessing and favor of God may ever be with them.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. Taylor that they be spread upon the minutes of the church and published in THE PACIFIC.

MISS GEORGE L. STUFF, Com'tee.
MRS. C. E. ROWELL,
MR. H. G. HILL,
October 1st, 1884.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

In Pescadero.

A notable day in the history of the church in Pescadero was Thursday, October 2d. Letters missive had been issued by the church as early as last February for the ordination of Mr. J. B. Clark, who has been serving as supply of the church. Owing to circumstances which could not be foreseen, the Council was postponed twice. The third effort was most satisfactory, and a council assembled in force. Five churches were represented. Five ministers and three delegates responded to the call, besides a number of friends from San Francisco, who availed themselves of the occasion, added to the presence as well as interest of the Council. The Superintendent was elected Moderator, and Rev. W. C. Pond Scribe. The candidate and the church sought the advice of Council in regard to the installation of the candidate in connection with his ordination, it being represented that it was the unanimous desire of the church that Mr. Clark should be settled as its permanent pastor. With the light presented by the facts, Council unanimously advised the installation.

A large and interested congregation, nearly filling the house, assembled for the public services in the evening. The choir led the congregation in the service of song.

Rev. Mr. Duncan, pastor of the M. E. church, read the Scripture lesson. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. D. Barrows, a thrilling and noble discourse on "Faithfulness in Little Things."

The ordaining and installing prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. J. C. Holbrook, who also gave the charge. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. W. C. Pond, to whom it is always a pleasure, when it falls to his lot, to render such a right-hand welcome. The address to the church and society was delivered by the Moderator.

This is the first installation in connection with the history of the church, and the blessing of the sacred revelation overflowed largely in the hearty congratulations of pastor and people.

From the evidences of harmony and good feeling existing, we are confident that Brother Clark has before him the promise of a useful and prosperous pastorate.

Vacaville.

The Congregational friends in Vacaville took possession of their new hall last Sunday, and commenced their regular services. The hall is seated so as to accommodate three hundred, and it was quite well filled both morning and evening.

After the morning service the committee who have the matter of an early organization in hand reported by the Chairman, G. W. Allen, that everything so far was encouraging.

Pledges in money were liberal, and promises to co-operate in every way have come in to make the new enterprise successful socially, financially, morally and spiritually.

It is clear, beyond a question, to those who are in this movement that they have not acted a day too soon, and the Congregational Church has a mission which it alone can work out in Vacaville.

It was decided also to commence Sabbath-school work next Sunday, to organize a Ladies' Aid Society this week, and to provide for temporary supplies from Sunday to Sunday, until a permanent pastor can be secured.

The determination is strong to be self-supporting from the start, and with the right man for their minister there will be no doubt of their success.

A large Bible, the first as well as the most fitting gift, was presented to the new society by Mrs. H. Scott, one of the mothers in our Congregational Israel of California.

Vacaville is growing at a rapid rate. Large ranches are being subdivided into tracts of twenty and forty acres, and sold to parties who are interested in the culture of fruit. No section of California produces earlier or better fruit than this, and in one or two years the population bids fair to almost double its present number.

There will be plenty of work for the new as well as the old churches.

An Original Dedication Hymn.

[Sung at the dedication of the First Congregational Church, Berkeley.]

Jehovah's voice is on the hill,
His mountain churches grandly rise—
Rise thou, my soul, with holy thrill;
Lift to their domes adoring eyes—
Jehovah's secret voice is sweet,
Where life is tempered in his shrine;
Bend low, my soul, in silence meet,
With more than words, the Love Divine.

The inner language, secret prayer,
Of will that swells to faithful love,
He understands—it is the air
His seraphs breathe, all voice above;
To us the heavenly breath is faint,
The spirit droops that stands alone,
We raise to Thee a common plaint;
We break with words the seraph tone.

We cannot live from others free,
We are too weak to be apart;
This church we dedicate to Thee;
In it we dedicate our heart.
Here teach the common prayer to thine,
And here may thine voices raise,
Before they sing in choir divine,
Songs without words, thy perfect praise.

The Congregational Club of Boston, at its last meeting, took a vote on the Presidential candidates with the following results: Blaine, 175; St. John, 42; Cleveland, 6; and for Butler, 0.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

The Monday Club was well attended. Rev. Dr. Beckwith opened the subject, viz., "Presidential Candidates." He announced his intention to vote for Blaine, and with him were the majority of those present; but quite a respectable minority declared themselves for St. John. None of the other candidates had a vote. Two of the brethren were undecided.

According to custom, the "Meeting of the General Association" will be the subject at the Club next Monday. Rev. C. S. Valle of Santa Barbara will lead the conversation.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, now holding a convention in this city, attended the First Church on Sabbath evening. The audience was very large, the music was excellent, and the sermon by Rev. Dr. Barrows was worthy of and received very close attention.

Last Sunday was communion Sabbath at Plymouth church. Four were received to membership, one by letter and three on confession of faith. It was also the twelfth anniversary of its pastor, Rev. T. K. Noble. The floral decorations were elaborate and exquisitely beautiful. The present membership is 507, forty-eight of whom have been added the past year. This church is learning the joy of Christian service. Its members hold service on the Sabbath in the "Woman's Hospital," "Pilgrim Chapel," and at Ocean View, and its Home and Mission schools have an enrollment of 1,145. In the evening there was an anniversary praise service, which was largely attended and greatly enjoyed.

Rev. M. A. Starr preached in Eureka Valley morning and evening. The Sabbath-school numbered 106.

Rev. H. Macy preached to young men in the evening.

At the communion in the morning at Bethany Church, one was received to membership. Rev. E. O. Tade preached at night.

Two were received to the church at West Oakland. In the evening there was a harvest Sunday-school concert.

The First Church in Oakland received eleven at the communion last Sabbath.

Rev. C. A. Savage preached in the new and recently dedicated church in Berkeley, on "Man's Sacrifice, God's Fire." A missionary concert was held at night.

Rev. E. C. Oakley preached again at the Howard-street Presbyterian Church, morning and evening. His subjects were "Cheerfulness" and "Faith."

Rev. Dr. Benton preached at Martinez all day—in the evening to a very good audience.

We are very glad to learn that our good Brother Hutchins is improving, with the prospect of soon resuming his labors.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff preached at Sonoma on "He Callethe Thee," and the "Seed on Good Ground."

Rev. A. Williams preached to the Welsh Church in Cambrian Hall in this city, morning and evening. He also attended a funeral, and held service at the Sailors' Home in the afternoon.

Rev. R. H. Sink of Grass Valley writes: "Last Monday we had a very pleasant company of about sixty at the parsonage. Games, readings, recitations, singing and chatting were participated in with an enjoyment pleasant to think of."

An esteemed friend of THE PACIFIC has recently visited Santa Barbara, and says he found it a most delightful spot. The Sabbath day is quiet and well observed, more after the good old New England style. The congregations at the Congregational church were large. The pastor, Brother Valle, is doing a most excellent work. The Sunday-school progresses, the Young Folks Literary Circle does active work, the W. C. T. U. is alive, and the reading-room is well supplied and patronized.

The Placer county Sabbath-school Association met last week in Auburn, and had a very interesting programme.

The address by President W. T. Reid, at the dedication of the First Church in Berkeley, on "The College as an Ally of the Church," we expect to give to our readers shortly.

Rev. W. L. Jones received four new members on confession of faith last Sunday. It was a good day for him and the church. After the public services, the pastor and officers went to the residence of an old lady 92 years old, and received her, also, on confession of faith.

The Sunday-school Association of the Fourth church in this city, comprising the officers and teachers of the school, had a very interesting meeting last week—Monday. Eighteen members sat down to tea together, after which occurred a very interesting and enthusiastic discussion of questions of practical work in the school. We recommend the plan of such a meeting to other schools.

A council for the recognition of the Park Congregational church, Los Angeles, met October 2d in the tent occupied by this church thus far as its place of worship. It appeared from the account given of this enterprise that the tent was pitched and a Sunday-school gathered at this point, about three months since, by Brother C. S. Billings, Home Missionary for Los Angeles and vicinity. The Sunday-school soon gained an average attendance of more than 100, and the tent was crowded for evening services. Seventeen have given in their names as members of this church, thirteen of whom entered into public covenant in the presence of the council. The evenings are becoming too cold for tent worship, and about \$600 has a ready been subscribed toward building a rustic chapel. The neighborhood is rapidly increasing in pop-

ulation, and the new church has a rare opportunity for growth and usefulness.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—The Noe Valley church has changed its name, and is now called the Lebanon Presbyterian church. members have recently joined Shiloh Church, of which Rev. L. Wallace is pastor.—Rev. C. P. Smith of New Hampshire is visiting California, and preached in San Jose lately.—Rev. E. G. McLean has returned to his work at Merced, and is preaching to increasing congregations.

METHODIST.—At Santa Cruz there was a large assemblage at taking leave of their former pastor, Rev. C. G. Milnes. The ladies made some costly and valuable presents to Mrs. Milnes.—A recent Fair at Halfmoon Bay netted nearly \$300.—Many pleasant receptions have been given to newly arrived and returning ministers.

EPISCOPAL.—Rev. H. S. Jeffreys officiated in Modesto lately to large congregations.—Rev. John B. Wakefield, D.D., of Richmond, Ind., has accepted a call to Trinity church, San Jose.—Rev. G. W. Foote has gone from San Jose to Portland, Or.

"CHRISTIAN."—The State Convention was held for four or five days in Wheatland. There was much enthusiasm, and the work of the church has been, and is being vigorously pushed. Strong temperance resolutions were passed.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.—Synod met in San Jose this week.—New

On the Mojave.

As a fitting sequel to the work reported by Brother Macdonald in THE PACIFIC, a few weeks since, a council met on the Mojave river, at Halleck, on Sunday, September 28th. Brother Hale was present from the Second church of San Bernardino, and Brother Ford, General Missionary. Brothers Crafts, Morris and Barrett came as delegates from the three churches in the San Bernardino valley. We met in the office of the Oro Grande Mining Company, kindly granted for our use by Mr. Aldersly, Superintendent. About seventy-five persons came together. Brother Ford preached on "The True Idea of the Church." Twelve stood up and entered into covenant with each other and with the Lord. Brothers Morris and Crafts gave hearty expression of the fellowship of the churches. Brother Hale addressed the church on its duties and responsibilities. The occasion was one of rare interest and deep religious feeling.

It seemed to us a thing most unfavorable to the new enterprise that Brother Macdonald must leave the work and return to his studies in the Pacific Theological Seminary. The church, in its small beginning, should not be left without pastoral care. Its members are few, and not rich in this world's goods. They can contribute only a small sum for the support of a pastor. They need the prayers, the sympathy and the aid that comes from a true church fellowship. They need a pastor ready for earnest and self-denying work, and are waiting for such an one to hear their call, "Come over and help us." Com.

Rev. J. A. Cruzan on the Social Evil.

Rev. J. A. Cruzan preached a timely sermon in the Fort-street Church, Honolulu, Sunday evening, September 7th, on the text (Prov. ix: 18), "But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell." The Honolulu Commercial Advertiser devotes nearly three and a half columns to a report of the sermon. If space would allow, we should like to give it to our readers. He stated as "a second cause of the social evil—impure literature. "Bad books, and worse, illustrated newspapers, unknown to father and mother, creep like the lice of Egypt into homes, schools, colleges and places of business. This black-letter obscenity circulates everywhere. We have to thank our Government officials for the fact that it no longer lies in reeking piles on some of our news-stands, nor flaunts itself in bawdy pictorials on street bulletin boards. But it still finds its way here, as an examination of any saloon or barber shop periodical table will show. Novels of the French school, and of English imitators are the common sewers of society, into which drain the concentrated filth of the worst passions of the worst creatures of the worst cities. "Extravagant living, love of dress and vulgar display, so characteristic of this fast age in which we are living, is another famous recruiting sergeant for the ranks of infamy."

"Did time allow, I would speak of the false education and enforced idleness which many women endure. Evil associations and the unrestricted liberty which our western customs give the young of both sexes—these all are minor causes which tend to bring recruits to this terrible sin."

Speaking of the remedies, he said: "1. This work must begin in our homes in proper education and prevention."

"2. Give your boys and girls good literature, and cultivate in them a taste for good reading."

"3. And what is true of bad reading is doubly true of bad associates. Sin is catching, infectious, epidemic. I care not how strong the character may be, if a young man or a young woman associates with the impure, the moral taint will do its work."

"4. Let there be clear, explicit laws against the evil, and let them be strictly and impartially enforced. Let the law cut home to the black heart of the libertine, as well as upon the woman with whom he consorts."

"5. Let woman demand of man the same purity which man demands of woman. Let social custom enforce this demand."

Jerry McAuley.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

Jerry McAuley, who died in New York City on September 18th, was widely known for the past fifteen years as one of the most zealous and successful city missionaries in the Christian world.

To the query who Jerry McAuley was, the answer would very likely have been, "Only a city missionary." But, without any invidious comparisons, it may be questioned whether any pastor in New York, for the last fifteen years, has accomplished more good than this same man.

"Jerry," as he was familiarly called by all, came to New York from Cork, Ireland, when a child. He never knew his father, who was a counterfeiter, and left home to escape the vengeance of the law; he settled in the Fourth Ward, close to the East river, and under the shadow of the great tower of the Brooklyn Bridge, foot of Roosevelt street. This ward had a population, in 1880, of 20,996, and only four churches within its lines. He lived mostly with his grandmother, who was a devout Roman Catholic; but the lad grew up among thieves and vagabonds of the worst class, and without any shadow of moral restraint; and he has repeatedly stated that he could not remember when he commenced stealing. He began his career as a "river-thief," consorting with such notorious criminals as "Butt" Leddy, "Dutch" Heinrich, and others of a like stripe. Thieving by boat was his "forte," and he excelled at the oar. He was never a prize-fighter, but has "roughed and tumbled" on countless occasions, when men, supposed to have money, or a watch, came across him. He served several terms on Blackwell's island and in Sing Sing penitentiaries for burglaries committed in the ward, and in Brooklyn, from wharves and vessels. When nineteen years old, he was arrested for a highway robbery, of which he ever persisted that he knew nothing, but he was convicted and sent to Sing Sing for fifteen years. His last theft was committed about 1865. For this he was sentenced, by the stern Police Justice Downing, to Sing Sing for a term of six years. It was here he was converted.

In 1868, Orville, better known as "Awful" Gardiner, the reformed pugilist of forty years ago, was conducting religious services in the prison. In former days Jerry and Awful had been "birds of a feather." One Sunday morning, after he had been in prison for four or five years, he went into the chapel with some other prisoners, and he saw, sitting behind the chaplain, the prize-fighter, his old "pal," Gardiner said he did not feel that he belonged on the platform—not being a "graduate"—where the ministers of God stood, and he came on the floor, among the prisoners, to address them, saying, among other things, that it was only a little while since he had taken off the stripes.

His exhortation was based upon the text, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The ex-prize-fighter was listened to with rapt attention, and the result was the conversion of Jerry. Scales, as he afterwards frequently testified, "fell from his eyes"; and to Gardiner, in his cell, he said: "If that Scripture has so changed you, I don't see why it can't me." His conduct afterwards was exemplary, and it secured him an easy berth in the prison; and soon Reuben E. Fenton, the then Governor, was petitioned for his release. The appeal was not in vain. He was soon after liberated, and in 1869 he returned to the very street where he formerly lived in the metropolis, not as a thief, but as a sincere and penitent man.

The memorable Water-street revival, conducted by the younger Tyng and Rev. William H. Boole in "Kit" Burns' "Kat Pit," at 311 Water street, was in progress at the time, and Jerry entered the meetings as an ex-convict and convert from Sing Sing. He was coatless, having pawned that garment for sustenance, until such time as he could secure employment. George J. Mings, Superintendent of City Missions, and at one time laboring in California in the United States Christian Commission, took from his back, in the street, his coat, and put it upon Jerry. Shortly afterwards No. 316, opposite the "Pit," was rented, the Water-street Mission established, and Jerry made superintendent; and here, too, John Allen, known as the "wickedest man in the world," was converted. The mission was a success, and hundreds of all classes and conditions of men and women have been led into better lives by the labors of this humble missionary.

Maria, his wife, was also converted from a life of shame in this revival, and was ever after an indefatigable co-worker with her husband for the cause which they embraced. By her example and influence, and unceasing labor of love, many of her former associates have been reclaimed, and are now living chaste and useful lives.

Who, of the prominent Christian men and women in the world, have visited the metropolitan city, and have not found their way to Jerry McAuley's Water-street Mission? The answer comes, "Very few." Newman Hall, John Ashworth, Henry Narley, Narayan Sheesadri, the Hindoo Missionary, George Muller, Dr. Parker, Prof. Theodore Christlieb of Bonn University, Prussia, M. H. Hodder, George Williams, Joseph Smithson, Colonel Lovelace, Harry Moorhouse, Dr. Somerville, Major Malan, Dr. Cullis, Hon. R. Moreton, Moody, Pentecost, Whittle, Bliss, McGranahan, Sankey, Needham and numerous others—scholars, reformers and evangelists—have visited this shrine, and taken part in the meetings conducted by the unlettered, converted river-thief. It was not unusual to see hundreds turned away from the mission on Saturday evenings for want of room, and on Sunday afternoons the carriages of a dozen of New

York's benefactors might be counted in Water street.

The influence Jerry had with merchants, capitalists, bankers and men of wealth was remarkable; consequently he was never allowed to be hampered, financially, in his work. He was the most welcome of "callers" down town, in such offices as those of the late Daniel Drew, Phelps, Dodge & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Bates, Reed & Cooley, Bliss, Fabyan & Co., James Talcott, John A. Stewart, Drexel, Morgan & Co., Winslow, Lauier & Co., Brown Brothers & Co., Jesup Paton & Co., Man & Parsons, the late R. L. & A. Stuart, Colgate & Co., Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., J. B. and J. M. Cornell, W. H. Schieffelin & Co., W. and J. Sloane, E. D. Morgan & Co., Morton, Bliss & Co., the Broadway, Mercantile National, Metropolitan, City, Chemical, Third National, Nassau, Merchants, Bank of Commerce, and other banks, insurance companies, corporations and exchanges.

The writer, on several occasions, with others, while in waiting upon high officials has seen Jerry enter and secure first interview and pass out, while those impatiently waiting would stare at the tall, plain-looking missionary blandly smiling his way through the corridors, wondering who he was. "That's Jerry McAuley," one would say who knew him. That was enough; everybody was satisfied. He had "the right of way." Three years ago he purchased a building next door to the Cremorne Garden, a "free and easy" vile resort at 104 West Thirty-second street, in the midst of gamblers' dens, houses of prostitution, etc., and within two blocks of Captain Williams' twenty-ninth precinct station-house; and on January 10th, 1882, the Cremorne mission for rescuing fallen men and women, which had been fitted at a cost of \$9,000, was opened under his management. Here he established meetings every evening throughout the year, his financial support coming to this, his last missionary enterprise, from such men as John Noble Stearns, Caleb B. Knevals, Morris K. Jesup, William E. Dodge, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Russell Sage, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, James Talcott, F. A. Palmer, Cyrus W. Field, A. S. Hatch, George I. Seney, S. T. Gordon, Spencer W. Coe and other metropolitan millionaires. A vigorous, nightly revival was maintained in opposition to high satanic orgies and carnival.

In the Water-street mission he placed John O'Neill, one of his converts from burglary, in charge, and under his care a successful missionary work was prosecuted, and the condition of things in Water and other adjacent streets in that Fourth Ward is not what it was ten or a dozen years ago. The Water-street mission is now in charge of the gospel temperance evangelist, Mr. J. F. Shore, one of the converts from the Hippodrome meetings, conducted by Moody and Sankey in 1875.

For several years Jerry had been failing in health, and he had visited Florida and other healthful resorts, hoping to recover. He had had but one sound lung, and physicians have been baffled by his vitality.

Who will take Jerry's place? is no doubt the question raised by those in the directorate of the mission he founded. We know of none who can take his place. His prayer-meetings were means of grace that were blessed to thousands of men and women in all conditions of life, and several diamonds and other jewels and useful articles have been pressed him and his devoted wife by wealthy residents of Fifth and Madison avenues, and other streets on Murray Hill, as thank-offerings for blessings received in their meetings.

To the Senior General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, whose executive talents, wise counsel, and far-reaching influence, Jerry ever sought in all he undertook to do, in the prosecution of his work among the fallen and degraded—to him more than any other man under God was mainly due his success.

He was a city missionary, who for nearly fifteen years took the simple gospel, and hand to hand, laid it before men who came to him sick from thieving and burglary. Here was a man who was continually seeing the transformation of the degraded.

All honor to the faithful pastors of our churches, who, where the providence of God has put them, are doing their duty in preaching the Word and shepherding the flocks committed to their care; but equally all honor to the men who take the gospel into the darkness of want and misery and sin. Jerry was saving, and he left two cottages—one at Rockaway, the other at his favorite summer resort, Ocean Grove, New Jersey.

Just before his death he pointed toward heaven, and said to his wife, with a peaceful smile: "It's all right." His funeral was held on Sunday afternoon, the 21st, at the Broadway Tabernacle Congregational church, the telegram on Monday, through the Associated Press, stating: "Jerry McAuley's funeral from Broadway Tabernacle yesterday was attended by the most promiscuous assemblage ever witnessed within the walls of a church in this city. Bankers, merchants, wealthy ladies, clergymen of all denominations, prostitutes, thieves, pickpockets, black and white; in short, the Tabernacle was densely packed with people from fashionable quarters and from the slums. The pall-bearers were six converted river thieves."

The Rev. Dr. S. Irenaus Prime, editor of the Observer; Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle; Rev. Wilbur H. Watkins, D.D., pastor of the Protestant Episcopal church of the Holy Trinity; Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the Church of the Strangers, and other prominent clergy men officiated. It was estimated ten thousand people were in and about the Tabernacle. Jerry was about forty-five years of age, and left no children. O. R. BENNETT.

Sunday-school Lesson for Oct. 19th. I Kings iii: 5-15.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

BY REV. M. WILKETT.

Golden Text—"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom." (Prov. iv: 7.)

INTRODUCTION.

Solomon has come up to Gibeon to worship. While the Ark stood in a temporary tent within David's fortress on Mount Zion, the chief local sanctuary still adhered to the spot where "the Tabernacle of the Congregation" stood on what was called "the great high-place of Gibeon." This was the lofty eminence which overlooks the whole of Judea, in modern times known by the name of "the Prophet Samuel." On the summit of this mountain was the ancient tent of the Wanderings. In front of it rose the venerable structure of the brazen altar, wrought by the hands of the earliest Israelite artist, Bezaleel, the grandson of Hur. Hither, therefore, as on a solemn pilgrimage, with a vast concourse of dignitaries, the young king came to offer royal sacrifices on his accession. A thousand victims were consumed on this ancient altar. In the night following such a ritual came Solomon's first vision. When the tumult of the day was hushed into peace, and the thousands were still about him, there came visions to him and dreams as at two other and after epochs in his life, and this first dream of his, so in keeping with his responsibilities and surroundings, we study to-day.

LESSON TOPICS.

(1) Solomon's dream was colored by his previous thoughts and longings. This has been characteristic of some of the most remarkable dreams on record. Coleridge's poem "Kubla Khan" came to him in a dream. An eminent French scholar, Condorcet, in a dream, solved a mathematical problem that had long baffled his waking hours. Notice that the mathematician did not dream a poem nor the poet solve a mathematical problem in his sleep. The dream of each was according to the nature and pursuits of each. And so Solomon's dream followed the line of thought and feeling natural to a young king anxious to rightly discharge the duties of his office. The king at Gibeon could not, even in his sleep, forget the multitudes over whom he was placed. God then, we may say, revealed himself to Solomon in a dream, because his waking thoughts and devotions had prepared the way. If we wish divine guidance and assistance in our smaller and more commonplace lives, we can only expect the help to be vouchsafed when we prepare the way and seek the blessing. God will not appear to the indifferent and the irresponsible saying, "Ask what I shall give thee." He does, to be sure, in this our day of grace, reveal himself to all as a hearer and an answerer of prayer, but to such general and glorious promises the indifferent continue to pay no heed.

(2) The qualities of Solomon's petition. When God appeared to him authorizing him to ask what should be given him, we find the following qualities to be characteristic of his prayer.

(a) It was grateful. He recognized the goodness shown to David, his father, in the gift of a son who was to succeed him upon the throne. Not only so, but he recognized the fact that it was the Lord God who had placed himself upon the throne, and the Lord God alone.

(b) It was humble. "I am but a little child," he says. "I know not how to go out or to come in." Great responsibilities had been laid upon him, and he felt himself unequal to the task.

(c) It was unselfish. He did not ask for himself long life, or riches, or honors. He asked only for an understanding heart, that he might be able to judge the people. He felt that human government must conform to the principles of eternal right, or that failure must result. He would choose according to God's choices; he would build after the divine pattern.

(d) It will ever remain a question whether Solomon's request was the highest possible. There are some who advance the following theory in the light of Solomon's after course. They say that he asked for wisdom in his kingly work, but forgot that there is something deeper than official rectitude, and that is personal character.

He ought to have sought first, they say, for righteousness in himself, and then, the fountain being pure, all that issued from it would necessarily have partaken of the same nature. As it was, the wise king became one of the saddest of all scriptural characters. In his later years his tyranny became unbearable. He became corrupt in character, and so corrupt in the exercise of his kingly power. Whether we can say that Solomon did not reach the highest aspiration in his prayer or not, one thing is sure, God never bestows any gifts upon man that can not be abused. The spirit of the prophet is subject to the prophet. The miraculous gifts of the early Church were abused. Solomon becomes a warning, an example of genius united to sin and crime, because he fell from his high estate, and failed to persevere in well-doing.

(3) The Lord's response. It pleased the Lord, we are told, that Solomon should have offered such a prayer. It is one of the happy assertions of our faith that it is possible for man to please God. It is worth something for us to know that by humble prayer and obedient hearts we can give pleasure to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. There are some qualities of the Lord's response to be noted.

(a) God marks the worthy elements in his prayers. Because Solomon had not asked for long life, riches or victory over his enemies, but an understanding

heart, therefore his request was to be granted. God is no respecter of persons. He marks the characteristics of our prayers. He is pleased when they are spiritual in tone and aspiration. When we remember that the omniscient God thus knows our thoughts, how careful should we be to order our desires and petitions aright before him! What a stimulus to appropriate prayer that we are thus known in all our ways! It may be often said of us as it was of the disciples, "Ye know not what ye ask."

(b) God granted Solomon's desire. The prayer was not offered until it was authorized. When it came up before God in the way of his appointment it was answered. We have many examples in Scripture of true prayer, and many directions given us to teach us how to pray. When we conform to the divine will in these particulars, and present our desires as we are authorized, then we shall find the answers as Solomon did.

(4) "Unsought blessings are given to the truly wise." Solomon coveted earnestly the best gifts. Passing by many things which men ordinarily desire, Solomon prayed for the highest good. God not only gave him the desire of his heart, but added, also, riches and honor. He, Solomon the wise man, was prepared to rightly use these other gifts, where Solomon the fool would have abused them. There are many, many things, which God, in the lavishness of his resources, is able to give, but which we are not yet ready to receive.

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Children's Department.

For a Child.

WRITTEN IN EMERSON'S POEMS.

Midnight or morning, eve or noon,
Torn March or clover-scented June,
When'er you stand before this gate
Twill open—it but not too soon
You knock, if only not too late.

Well shall it be, boyhood gone,
A boy's delight you still may own
To play the dawn-new game of life—
If what is dreamed and what is known
In your still-startled heart have strife.

Ere you have banished Mystery,
Or thronged Distrust, or less shall be
Stirred by the deep and fervent line
Which is the poet's sign and fee,
Be this your joy that now is mine.

When comes the hour be full and bright,
Your lamp as the wiser virgin's light!
Choose some familiar, shrine-like nook,
And offer up in prayer the night
Upon the altar of this book.

Always new earth, new heavens lie
The apocalyptic spirit night;
If such be yours, oh, while you can,
Bid unregretted Youth good-bye,
For morning shall proclaim you Man.
—The Century.

Bartley, the Bear.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone. "I have eaten my first and last dinner at the same table with that boy. And yet," continued Mrs. Stone, after a pause, "I need not speak so positively, for who would suppose that I should ever have dined with him at Judge Harrington's?"

"I presume he was included in the invitation to his father and mother," said Mrs. Hope.

"No," Mrs. Harrington told me herself he was not particularly invited (she never can remember that I am related to the family), but Mrs. McDonald brought him because, as she said, he had set his heart on coming. He likes to play with little Oscar Harrington, because Oscar is so much younger than himself that he can make him do as he pleases. But he wouldn't eat at the second table with Oscar and Maggie. Oh, no! he was too big a man for that, so Mrs. McDonald said, and so he was crowded in between his mother and myself, and, in consequence of his elbows and his general misbehavior, I scarcely knew what I was eating. When his soup was brought he stared at it a while, and then refused it. 'I don't take that kind of soup,' said he to the waiter; and, turning to me, he added that he didn't like vermicelli soup, because it looked to him as if it were made of worms."

"But you ought to take it whether you like it or not," said I in an undertone.

"I don't go for worms in such little foolish matters," returned he. "I'd rather have dry bread than vermicelli soup, any day." When fish was brought he descended to take that, though he informed me that it hardly paid to eat fish, there were so many bones in it.

"Take your time," said I, "and the bones won't do you any harm."

"But he proceeded to eat as if there were only five minutes for refreshments," and, in consequence, he was choked directly. His mother was dreadfully alarmed, but, after making some hideous noises, he managed to get rid of the bone. When turkey was brought, he stared at it, and remarked that he didn't like dark meat. 'Give that to somebody else,' said he, 'and give me mine all breast.'

"Suppose every one said that?" suggested I.

"I don't care what other people say," returned he. "All I know is that when I want a thing I generally manage to get it. What funny people they are," continued he in a loud whisper, "to have apple jelly with their turkey." Cranberry sauce is ever so much better."

"Nevertheless, he helped himself to an immense quantity of jelly, spilling ever so much on the tablecloth as he did so."

"There! see what you have done," said I. "Be more careful another time."

"I don't care! I ain't the washer-woman here," returned he, grinning.

"At any rate, keep your elbow out of my ribs," said I.

"The table ain't long enough," observed he.

"The table is plenty long enough," returned I, "but there is one too many on this side of it."

"He made no reply to this, but soon afterwards he spattered my new silk dress with gravy; and I verily believe he did it on purpose."

"Beef a la mode," said he, as he was helped to that. "I don't like it if there is much onion about it."

"Where was Mr. McDonald all this time?" exclaimed Mrs. Hope.

"He, unfortunately, was not present; had been kept away by business," Mrs. McDonald said, "Bartley, I don't think beef a la mode is good for you. You had better eat something else."

"This decided Bartley to eat beef a la mode, onions or no onions."

"Bartley," said I, "don't you think you had better set up as a juggler? You would make such a good knife-swallower."

"I know what you mean," returned he, "but I think it is all foolishness to pretend that forks are better to eat with than knives. Anybody that's tried 'em both knows better than that."

"I let him alone after this, for though I spoke in an undertone, he answered aloud, and I did not care to attract the attention of the company. When the dessert was put on I thought my troubles were ended, for, instead of eating his nuts and raisins, Bartley merely stuffed them by handfuls into his pockets. But, after supplying himself in this way, and giving one or two prolonged yawns, he remarked that he would make some music for the company, and, accordingly, began to amuse himself by running his forefinger around the rim of his finger-bowl, keeping it up until the noise became so intolerable that Mrs. Harrington herself was obliged to tell him she thought the company had music enough. I had

the dyspepsia for a week afterwards, in consequence of eating while in a state of such discomfort, and yet that boy's mother actually proposed to me yesterday, for the second time, to go to her house to board."

"Perhaps she wants you there to regulate Bartley," suggested Lucy Hope.

"That she doesn't!" she informed me once, after I had suggested to Bartley to take his hat off when he came into the parlor, that when her son seemed to need instruction of that kind, she should prefer giving it herself. I replied that I had given her time to speak before I said a word, and that Mr. McDonald had requested me to speak to his son just as I would to a child of my own. Then I went on to say that I believed half the boorishness that people had to suffer from in the world, was owing not so much to natural depravity as to the want of teaching."

"What did she say to that?" asked Lucy.

"She said 'Humph!'" replied Mrs. Stone.—*Christian at Work.*

Lincoln on Thrift.

The original of the following letter to a half brother is held by B. L. Worth of St. Louis, and came into his possession through the purchase of the office fixtures of ex-Mayor John How.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1884.

DEAR JOHNSON: Your request for \$80 I do not think is best to comply with just now. At the various times when I have helped you a little, you have said to me, "We can get along very well now," but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct.

What the defect is I think I know. You are not lazy, and yet you are an idler. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty, and it is vastly important to you, and still more to your children, that you should break this habit. It is more important to them because they have longer to live and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it easier than they can get out after they are in.

You are now in need of some ready money, and what I propose to you is that you shall go to work, "tooth and nail," for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys have charge of things at home—prepare for a crop and make a crop—and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get. And to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between now and the 1st of May, get for your labor, either in money or on your own indebtedness, I will give you one dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at \$10 a month, from me you will get \$10 more, making \$20 a month for your work. In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go to it for the best wages you can get close at home—in Coles county.

Now, if you will do this, you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out, next year you will be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for \$70 or \$80. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make you, get the \$70 or \$80 with four or five months' work. You say if I furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and, if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you cannot now live with the land, how will you live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not now mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times \$80 to you. Affectionately, your brother,

A. LINCOLN.

A Very Sad Story.

John B. Gough tells the following: A minister of the gospel told me of one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him on the door-step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!"

He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me, "I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was his child, dead! there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep." A man about thirty years of age, asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and a wife upon the brink of the grave!

"Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must remain until he awoke, and I did." When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, "What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?" "You cannot see him?" "Stand out of my way. I will see my boy." To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild shriek. "Ah! my child!" That minister said further to me, "One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in the grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston. Now, tell me what rum will not do. It will debase, imbrute and

damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious and godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking or hellish. Why are we not to fight it till the day of our death?

Bright Things.

Favorable weather for hay-making—when it rains pitchforks.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the gaoler.

A number of Pennsylvania speculators, having a taste for high art, have been done in oil.

Objection is made in New York to drowning stray dogs, for fear so many sunken barks may obstruct navigation.

"Your father is entirely bald now, isn't he?" said a man to the son of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth, sadly, "I'm the only heir he has left."

Bread is now cheaper in London, it is said, than in Chicago, and beef is dearer in Boston than it is in Liverpool, the supply in both cases coming from the West.

The true motives of our actions, like the real prices of an organ, are often concealed, while the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in front of the show.

"I admit," said the young lawyer, "that I am not a very good man; but then how could you expect it of me? It's practice that makes perfect, you know; and that I haven't got."

I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them.—*Hazlitt.*

A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service: "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed."

A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying, "My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him there too long, and he hardens."

The master of his college summoned the late Charles Stuart Calverley, one day, and said: "I don't know, Mr. Calverley, how it happens, but whenever I look out of the window I see you jumping over that wall."

"Well, master," replied he, "it certainly has often struck me as odd that whenever I jump over that wall I see you looking out of that window."

Butter in New York.

The United States Commissioner of Agriculture has presented to the British Minister at Washington the following instructive statement as to the butter of New York: "It is reliably stated that out of 100,000,000 pounds of butter sold in New York city, between 40,000,000 pounds and 60,000,000 pounds are bogus. Oleomargarine has cut down the price of average butter to ten cents a pound, involving a loss of \$4,000,000 annually to farmers. Oleomargarine is manufactured from grease of any and of all kinds. For this purpose tallow, lard, cottonseed, peanut and other oils are sought for and obtained from all sources and from all countries. These fats are neutralized by treatment with nitric acid mixed with milk, cream or poor butter, and churned. The acid in the composition is, of course, very deleterious, and in proportion to its quantity is the resultant injury." The Commissioner extraordinary statement: "Whilst this country may very properly be charged with the odium of sending out these articles, their manufacture is extending to many countries, and it will be well for others to guard against the spread of the evil. It is asserted that stakes are driven into the sewers at London, from which stakes a fatty deposit left by the current is taken every day, and after proper treatment this fatty deposit becomes dairy butter. There can be no doubt that the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works would repudiate with horror this suggestion. It is, however, thought that possibly it may have arisen from the appearance of a report last year that at the outfall of the London sewage in the Thames there are men who make their business to skim the fat from the surface of the river, but with what object was not stated."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Power of Silence.

What a strange power is silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests are effected—during that pause when the lips are closed and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! When some of these sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot, indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look with awe, for the mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil or their guardian angel is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward heaven or toward hell, an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their passage.—*Emerson.*

According to the *Congregationalist*, a Congregational minister in Bridgeport on Sunday morning, August 31st, failed to observe that his watch had stopped, and delayed going to church till the audience became discouraged with waiting and dispersed. The expected supply, in the meantime, was busy reviewing his sermon for the occasion.

Sunday in Brazil.

I suppose you all have but little idea of the Sabbath discretion in this country. They can hardly be said to have a Sabbath at all. It is difficult for those who wish to keep Sunday to do so. In order to do it they must carefully avoid all complications in their business affairs, which often involve their very living. Shortly after my return from the morning's services, a tall young man called upon me, and presented for my signature a petition praying the municipal council to take the necessary measures for the illumination of that part of the street on which we live, which is as yet not furnished with lamps. I was glad to sign a paper which had for its end such a great convenience, but, as it was Sunday, I asked to be permitted to sign it on Monday—instead of Sunday—as it was merely a secular matter. But it is necessary, nevertheless, for us to present our own petitions for permission to build houses, or anything else, on Sunday, because that is the day for the regular meeting of the town council. I availed myself of the opportunity to invite the bearer of the document to our night-services. He inquired the hour for the services to begin, and being told at seven o'clock, he replied: "I will see. I am going to the show at half-past eight. I will have time to get to the theatre after your service." I told him to come along although I had but little hopes of the gospel's doing him any good if he left the church to attend the theatre. He did not come. A comedy, called the "Devil's Tail," said to be very laughable, was presented that night.—*James W. Coger in Nashville Advocate.*

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, in a recent issue presented interviews with the mayors of twenty-eight Southern cities, giving their views on the present condition and future prospects of the South. Without exception all these men speak in the most hopeful terms of the outlook for the Southern States from a commercial and industrial standpoint. In each of the twenty-eight cities reported there had been a large increase of population since 1880. The rate of increase varies from twenty to four hundred per cent. In Atlanta, for example, it is shown that a larger percentage of its people are engaged in manufacturing than of any other city in the Union except Lowell and Lawrence, in Massachusetts. It has ten iron foundries, three cotton factories, a cotton-seed mill and several establishments for the making of cotton-gins and agricultural machinery. It does an annual business of \$44,000,000. Savannah has grown from 28,000 in 1870 to 43,000, and has an export trade of \$80,000,000 a year. It ranks as the largest shipper of naval stores in the world. In every section marked progress is reported in the building of railroads, manufactures and other material and permanent improvements.—*N. Y. Observer.*

METE KINGI, A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF who was a faithful supporter of the British Government in the island during the critical periods of its history, died recently at Putiki. He was honored with a military funeral. The service in the mission church was in the Maori language, as was also the address at the grave by the Rev. Mr. Grace, which, however, was afterward repeated in English for the British officers and the Europeans present. Three native clergymen took part in the ceremonies, and a large number of natives present seemed deeply impressed by the funeral services of this Christian chief. The gospel has made considerable progress, in spite of many difficulties, among the Maoris; and there is reason to hope for still more rapid advance in the near future.

Lord Aberdeen, in a missionary meeting, referring to the complaint sometimes made that great efforts are made with out corresponding results said: "I know a man who, in the course of an address, said: 'Thousands of pounds have been spent in connection with this mission; but I make bold to say that if only one soul has been converted through its agency the money has been well spent.' One friend commenting to another on this statement said: 'Do you not think that was rather strong? Could you quite endorse that?' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'I should quite agree with it, if the one soul was my son.'"

Mr. Spurgeon has been preaching a sermon in which he "paid his respects" to miserable saints in his usual racy style. He characterized in a fitting manner the people who have only enough religion to make themselves and others unhappy. One of these characters he described as the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance, who does everything that is unpleasant, and is sure of nothing but the terrible." And he went so far as to say, "I verily believe some of the Friends must have been baptized in vinegar instead of water, from the acidity of their temper."

MEANING OF A RELIGIOUS SYMBOL.—There is often discussion as to the meaning of the letters I. H. S.; so frequently used on religious symbols and in church decoration. The significance of the letters varies with different languages. In German they stand for I (esus), H (eiland), S (eligmacher), i. e., Jesus, Saviour, Sanctifier. In Greek, I (esus), H (emeteros), S (oter), i. e., Jesus, Our Saviour. In Latin, I (esus), H (ominum), S (alvator), i. e., Jesus, Men's Saviour.

A possible clue to the sudden fatality produced by chloroform in some cases, even when administered by the most cautious experts, is furnished by the just published experiments of M. Dubois of Paris, who finds that this agent acts with extraordinary rapidity on criminals after the introduction of alcohol into the system, and terminates in death with startling abruptness.

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Miscellany.

Unbelief.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to look each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "To-morrow," "The Un-
known," "The future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knows why!
—[Edward Bulwer Lytton.]

The Newspapers of the World.

That our American cousins love to do all things on a large scale appears to be the natural consequence of living in so vast a country, and being surrounded by such large influences and interests. But to those who are not yet accustomed to their manner of work its minuteness and accuracy are a source of equal wonder. It is like looking alternately through the large and small ends of opera-glasses. The latest instance of this sort which has come to my notice, and calls for these comments, is a sample of what its author would call "Judicious Advertising."

This work contains the names of 34,000 newspapers, magazines and quarters, published in every empire, kingdom, nation, province and island of the globe, with much curious information regarding them, and many other matters.

The first volume, as might be expected, is well filled with the 11,207 newspapers and periodicals of the United States, and 624 of British North America. The second volume is devoted to all the rest of the world, and very curious lights are thus thrown on the characteristics of various nations.

A calculation shows Great Britain to be the country best supplied with newspapers, while Belgium ranks next, and the United States third. The ratio of copies yearly distributable to each person in these three nations is as follows: Great Britain, 64.01; Belgium, 59.20; the States, 51.06.

But while the total number of British publications does not exceed 4,082, the German Empire produces 5,629 periodicals of all sorts, and thus ranks next to the United States in the variety of literature she provides. It is considered somewhat remarkable that, in a land so eminent for scholarship, there should be so small a proportion of monthly and quarterly magazines—not more than five per cent. of the grand total.

London, as might be expected with its population of 4,000,000, takes precedence of all other great cities in its list of publications, which very nearly approaches 2,000. These have an annual circulation of about 1,017,000,000 copies. The mere list of their names occupies seventy-three pages of fine print in this great Directory, and in looking over them one feels positively bewildered to think of all the enormous amounts of incessant quill-driving and editing involved by the never-ending requirements of so vast a multitude of publications.

But while London shows a longer catalogue than any other city, Paris, with a population of less than 2,000,000, issues 1,553 periodicals, and these have an annual circulation of about 1,100,000,000 copies; so that, in point of fact, the citizens of Paris are far more liberally supplied with daily or weekly literary provender than their British neighbors. In fact, it is estimated that the journalistic products of Paris amount annually to almost one-tenth of the issue of the entire press of the globe.

New York and Brooklyn (which bear to one another somewhat the same relation as Birkenhead to Liverpool) have a combined population nearly equal to that of Paris. They produce 587 publications, with an annual circulation of about 516,000,000; Berlin produces 536; Vienna, 483; Madrid, 253; Brussels, 233; Rome, 213, showing a gradual diminution till we reach St. Petersburg, with a population of 667,963, and a newspaper issue numbering 183, and Moscow with a population of 601,960 and only fifty-seven periodicals. The latter, however, are exceedingly varied and offer something for all tastes—literary classes, medical students, horse-breeders, stock-rearers, musical societies, law, mathematics, horticulture, agriculture, the drama, commerce, satire, history, ecclesiastical questions, science, and a very limited allowance of politics.

I must not omit to notice one point of interest suggested by the languages which chiefly predominate in this vast newspaper literature. Though there are comparatively few tongues which are not in some measure represented, we find that an enormous majority are published in four languages. As a matter of course, English heads the list, inasmuch as English-speaking races have peopled North America and Australasia. The German ranks second, the French third, and Spanish fourth; but, inasmuch as the latter tongue is the *lingua franca* of Mexico and South America, it is probable that it will find a more extensive circulation in print as these nations advance. Meanwhile, the proportion is as follows: English, 16,600 publications; German, 7,350; French, 3,850; Spanish, 1,600.

Taking the nationality of the 34,000

papers of the world, we find that close upon 32,000 are published in Europe and North America, leaving little over 2,000 for all the rest of the world! South America only issues a sufficient number to allow each of its inhabitants three newspapers a year—exhibiting the curious contrast in this, as in all else, between the great Northern and Southern Continents.

The combined annual product of Asia and Africa amounts to 227,000,000, which, in proportion to the population, would allow one copy in ten years for each person. Of course, the newspaper circulation of Africa is confined to the extreme north and south, with a very feeble commencement on the west coast. In like manner Asia has neither supply nor demand except in parts of Turkey, Persia, China and Japan. Not a newspaper of any sort is to be found in Arabia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan or Turkestan.

Strange to say, China, that nation which of all others holds literature (that is to say, its own dry-as-dust classics concerning a remote past) in highest honor, has so small a thirst for news of the present day that it produces fewer papers than any other nation with the smallest claim to civilization. The proportion of newspapers to population is in the ratio of about one publication to 2,000,000 inhabitants. The Chinese Empire produces only twenty-two periodicals, of which twelve are in Chinese, nine in English and one in French. Even of this small number, the circulation is extraordinarily small, and, as a rule, a newspaper may be said to be a thing unknown to the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

In strange contrast with this terribly conservative old nation, which will not assimilate any new ideas from the outer world, and which cares nothing for any history more recent than that of Confucius, stands the ultra-progressive Empire of Japan, whose people are so painfully willing to adopt indiscriminately whatever new thing is offered to them by foreigners. In nothing is this readiness more apparent than in the rapid development of a widespread system of newspapers, of which upwards of 250 are now produced by the native press, and circulate freely among the masses. The newspaper shops in all the principal native cities are invariably crowded with eager purchasers, thirsting for the latest news of all sorts.

But, though Japan offers the most striking instance of rapid development which the world has ever known, the present enormous efflorescence of the press throughout the world is almost bewildering to those who recall its very limited expansion only fifty years ago. The contrast between supply of inferior, badly printed and wretchedly illustrated papers and magazines in the early years of men still only middle-aged with the superabundant feast now so profusely heaped before them is as marked as that afforded by the early spring, when a handful of half-blown wild flowers rewards the patient seeker, as compared with that wonderful awakening which, perhaps but a few days later, carpets the whole earth with blossoms.—C. F. Gordon Cumming, in *Cassell's Magazine*.

Brevities.

Sweden is said to have but three Roman Catholic churches.

Dr. Hammond puts forth the idea that a woman's beauty is not given.

Lord Salisbury was hanged in effigy at Falkirk, Scotland, on Saturday.

Since the outbreak of cholera in Italy, 13,225 persons have been attacked by the disease.

Christine Nilsson was thrown from a cab and slightly injured in London, on Saturday.

A French paper says Bismarck is leading a movement against the French policy in Egypt.

Parliament will be asked to grant \$50,000 a year to the eldest son of the Prince of Wales.

Morosi's daughter intends bringing suit against the old man for her jewelry, valued at \$75,000.

The Protestant Episcopal Church Home at Louisville, Ky., costing \$100,000, is nearly completed.

The German Socialists will make a vigorous fight at the coming elections for members of the Reichstag.

Alfred Dougherty stabbed E. R. Deems at Pittsburg, Pa., on Saturday night, during a quarrel over politics.

It is believed that Miss Welton who perished in a snowstorm on Long's peak, Colorado, was deserted by her guide.

There are 810 Young Men's Christian Associations, with 108,137 members, owning \$3,956,675 worth of real estate.

A land league demonstration has been held at Neale, county Mayo. Mr. Downey, of Chicago, addressed the meeting.

Another incendiary fire occurred at Cleveland, Ohio, on Sunday morning. Sherman & Teague's Oil Works were destroyed. Loss, \$15,000.

The cotton trade is very dull in England. Fifty companies, with 6,000,000 spindles, have only been working four days a week for some time.

The bravery of the King of Italy in visiting the cholera hospitals in Naples has caused the recession of hundreds from the republican societies.

Queen Victoria has caused requests to be read from the Scotch pulpits asking that books borrowed from the Royal Free Library at Balmoral be returned.

The sophomores of Lehigh University have wisely passed resolutions declaring that they will not participate in hazing, and will endeavor to discountenance it.

According to latest results of the finest instrumental tests as to the propagation of electricity, an electric signal travels at the rate of 16,000 miles per second.

A dynamite explosion occurred in Salisbury, England. Very little damage was done. It is supposed that an attempt was made to blow up the Council house.

A strong decoction of the leaves and stems of tomato plants is said to be deadly to caterpillars, lice and other enemies of vegetation without being injurious to the plants.

Dr. David S. Hart, of Stonington, the oldest school teacher in Connecticut, was born in 1799, began teaching in 1816, graduated at Yale in 1823, and does not use spectacles.

Discussing the suicide of animals, a London paper declares that the dragon fly "held securely by the wings, curls its tail upward to its mouth and chews itself viciously to pulp."

Mr. Rheem, who has charge of the reptile specimens in the Smithsonian Institution contradicts the popular superstition as to the existence of the blow snake and the hoop snake.

Continued observations made since the year 1875 at the Meudon Observatory, have confirmed the conclusion that the rings of Saturn are extremely variable and do not retain a fixed form.

Mr. Preece, the English Government electrician, states that no damage has occurred to telegraph poles since the practice was adopted of providing them with lightning rods or earth wires.

Corks which have been steeped in vaseline are said to be an excellent substitute for glass stoppers. They are not in the least affected by acids, and never become fixed through long disuse.

Experiments by De Champ of Paris show that man is more sensitive to morphine than is any other animal. A dog can take five and a monkey fifty times as much, in proportion to their respective weights, as a human being.

Donald Smith, one of the Canadian Pacific Railway Directors, has sent \$50,000 to the McGill University, Montreal, with which to endow a ladies' college, and it is rumored that he has given a like sum for a free library.

A German journal, speaking of Queen Victoria's anger at the morganatic marriage of the Duke of Hesse, says that the marriage of Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne would be considered as a morganatic marriage in Germany.

George Taustick, a young German officer visiting the United States on leave of absence, fell in love with Miss Annie Manier in Texas, and his parents refusing to permit his marriage to her they concluded to die. He shot her, and then shot himself.

Experiments on an extensive scale have been made by the Dutch Government to ascertain the relative strength of iron and steel girders. The soft steel girders proved to be 22 per cent and the hard steel girders at 66 per cent stronger than the iron girders.

A cyclone struck the village of Alton, in Pennsylvania, yesterday, and wrecked a dozen houses, carrying timbers and scattering them far and wide for half a mile around the village. The Methodist Episcopal Church, which had just been finished, was completely demolished.

In 1876 Samuel Lapin, then State Treasurer of Kansas, was arrested and placed in jail, charged with robbing the State of several hundred thousand dollars. He escaped and went to South America, but afterwards returned, and has just been arrested in Washington Territory.

In Smithsborough, New York, on Saturday night, Charles H. Pickering shot a man named McLoud, a widow named Mrs. C. Kingsbury, and her seventeen-year-old daughter. He found McLoud visiting the widow and her daughter and in a fit of jealousy emptied his revolver at them, wounding them all.

There are thirty-nine professorships in the University of Edinburgh. Of these the income of eighteen is \$5,000 a year or more each. The Professor of Anatomy receives \$16,000, the Professor of Greek \$6,500, while the heads of the Latin and mathematical departments, respectively, get \$7,500.

To many ladies who have abandoned calicoes because they proved "not worth making up" the advertisement of the Richmond goods will come with grateful welcome. This company claim to furnish their "Quaker Styles," and others, an honest calico which is worth making up and will not fade in suds or sunlight.

The Philadelphia Press having said that "the South buys 1,000,000 copies a year of Webster's spelling-book; she must use them for gun-wadding," the Richmond Dispatch replies: "She does—in teaching the young negro idea how to shoot, although the Press would have the country believe that the negro has no educational advantages worth speaking of in the South."

In the new Oriental College, in England, East Indian students have suites of rooms consisting of a study, drawing-room and kitchen; the whole arrangement being on the principle that whether the student is a Hindoo or a Mussulman he can live in his own way, as though he was at home in India, without the slightest interference with his peculiar customs with respect to his food and domestic arrangements.

A law has gone into effect in New York city prohibiting the manufacture of cigars or preparation of tobacco in any apartments occupied for living, sleeping, or household purposes. It is aimed at tenement-house cigar and tobacco manufacturing, and was enacted on the score of public health. Twenty-eight firms are affected and 7,000 operatives—men, women and children, chiefly Germans and Bohemians—are thrown out of employment. The condition of health and morals of these ill-paid people is said to be frightful. Attempts to evade the law will probably be made.—Ex.

Gleanings.

He who runs from God in the morning will scarcely find him the rest of the day.—John Bunyan.

If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not be able to injure us.—La Rochefoucauld.

The impossibility of proving that God does not exist, reveals to me his existence.—La Bruyere.

A holy act strengthens the inward holiness. It is a seed of life growing into more life.—Robertson.

The love of Christ is like the blue sky, into which we see clearly, but the real vastness of which you cannot measure. It is like the sea, into whose bosom you can see a little way, but its depths are unfathomable.—McCheyne.

The gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees, gentle and yet irresistible, which no force can stay, no violence restrain, is like love that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power.—Longfellow.

The Hon. John K. Kasson, lately appointed United States Minister to Germany, reached Berlin September 10th, and presented his credentials to Emperor William, attended by Secretary Busch, Prince Bismarck and other officials. He was cordially addressed by the Emperor and formally received, with warm hopes expressed that the friendly relations now existing between the two governments will continue unbroken.

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Hardware Co.,

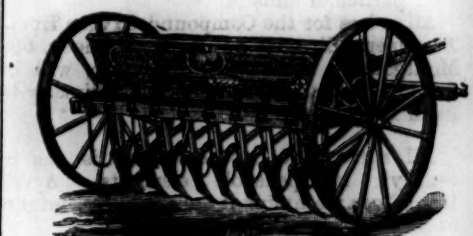
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Samples on exhibition at our store. Call and see them.

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July 18-84

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Jan1-84

The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Japanese Farewell.

The young preacher, K. Miyama, has studied theology during the last eight years in this city under Rev. Otis Gibson, D.D., and, having finished his course, was admitted, the 15th of September, to the California Annual Conference at Pacific Grove. While Mr. Miyama was studying in San Francisco, many of his fellow-countrymen were converted through his labors and influence. He is now going back to his home in Japan to preach the gospel. All of the Japanese of the Gospel Society on this Coast bade him a most cordial farewell on the evening of the 27th of September, at the rooms of the Society. There were many American ladies and gentlemen present, who delivered some very encouraging addresses, which refreshed the minds of those present, displaying to the young Japanese the beautiful effect which a high degree of civilization produces. The remarks of their pastor, Dr. Gibson, drew more especially the attention of the members of the Society, and should be always predominant in their minds, for there is quite a number of these students under his care, expecting to receive a Christian education.

On this occasion, Mr. Miyama spoke with the deepest gratitude concerning his love toward the Japanese Society, and he truly represents the wonderful power of God to change men's hearts. The rooms were very beautifully decorated with flowers. At the close of the exercises, very excellent refreshments were served to the congregation. The occasion was enjoyed by all.

The following persons took part in the programme: Dr. Gibson, M. Karasawa, O. Inamoto, T. Tada, N. Osewa, U. Yanagisawa, G. Furukawa, S. Nemoto, and K. Miyama.

The following is the farewell address by Sho Nemoto:

"I give thanks unto God because Brother Miyama is to return to his native land to preach the Gospel of Christ. This is the greatest result of the Japanese Gospel Society since it was organized in the year 1878. A preacher has been born from the Society.

"We welcome you all, Christian friends, to join with us in giving Godspeed to the brother who soon will leave this land. We thank you for all you have done to bring us to see the true light that shines from the Son of Man.

"Dr. Gibson, I thank you with exceeding joy this evening for your good work as shown at this time. I trust that not only myself but also all others of the Society will remember and follow all your instructions as Brother Miyama has done; and I am sure he will never forget your instruction, as he is engaged in the same work with you. How happy you must be to have such a pupil! I am so glad to see this great joy in the house of God. I need not tell you about Brother Miyama—how much work he has done for our Society. I earnestly desire that you will help us and teach us as you taught Brother Miyama.

"Members of the Society, you and I take up the work of the gospel more earnestly, because we have the responsibility of making this Gospel Society grow. We are sure Dr. Gibson will assist us. We are, indeed, happy to have good teachers, such as Mrs. Cleveland.

"Dear friends of the Society, there is only one way to have true joy; that is to hear the voice of God and obey it in our daily life. Let us show our good will to the founder of the Society, who is now departing to the 'Rising Sun,' to spread the light of heaven.

"Brother Miyama, I desire to express my feelings on your departure to Japan. However sorry I may be to be separated from you, I trust you because you help everybody you can. Your work for the Lord during the last seven years at the Japanese Gospel Society will not be lost. Your work will be seen as your faith increases. I thank you, dear brother, for your kindness since I met you in the spring of 1879, at the Golden Gate. There is no greater work in this world than to save souls, for which God gave us his dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. I would like to repeat the precious words before your farewell meeting, 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.' I pray God that you may have blessings innumerable as the stars in the sky and the waves of the sea. Brother Miyama, God bless you abundantly, in all your labors. We now bid you good-bye!"

DEAR PACIFIC: Most of the Christian denominations have selected this place this year for their annual gatherings—I suppose because of its being near the center of the southern part of the State. The Methodists and Baptists have just gone. Now the city is full of Presbyterian ministers, who have come from all parts of the State to attend the Synod. Next week the W. C. T. U. of Southern California meets here in convention. The prohibitionists seem to be very active in this place; they are organizing for effective work this fall. The Y. M. C. A. is doing good work under the direction of Mr. F. J. Culver, the General Secretary, who is laying plans broad and deep for future work. He seems to be the right man in the right place. At the 4 o'clock meeting last Sunday afternoon the hall was crowded, which, I am told, is a common occurrence. The meeting was addressed by Miss Loise, the Secretary, and others. On the whole, it was a very interesting meeting. They have just moved into their new quarters in the Nadeau Block, where they have larger, lighter and more convenient rooms. They open Friday evening, October 3d, with a social. A good musical and literary programme is being prepared. Last Sun-

day was one of those beautiful days peculiar to this section. We attended the First Congregational church, which was filled, using the side rooms for extra seating. Rev. A. J. Wells, the pastor, preached a most excellent sermon from I Cor. xiii:12—"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." The speaker said that our knowledge is limited and imperfect. That we see darkly is evident; but we know something. In the evening Rev. W. A. Knighten of Santa Barbara preached for him from the text in II Cor. vi:17—"Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate," etc. The house was well filled. In this place, like Santa Barbara, the churches are well attended. In the evening Mr. Wells preached at the Railroad chapel. There were 200 in attendance at the First Sunday-school. Instead of the regular review, a temperance lesson prepared by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. from Rom. xiv:7 to the end of the chapter. The exercises consisted of recitations, readings and singing, by classes and school. Brother Culver gave a very interesting talk. Deacon Benchley from San Francisco, being present, was called upon, and talked to the children in his happy way, and concluded by singing one of his favorite hymns with the school—"I've found a friend, oh, such a friend!" At 8:30 p. m. I attended the Depot Sunday-school, Mr. George T. Hanly Superintendent. There were 123 in attendance. This is the largest mission school connected with this Church here, there being two others in our city. We attended the social in the parlors of the First church last night, which was a very pleasant affair, and enjoyed by every one. Bro. Wells goes to-morrow night, Oct. 2d, to assist in the organizing of the Park Congregational church. Quite a number of our people from here and Santa Barbara sail, via the Santa Rosa, for the General Association at Stockton, among whom will be your humble correspondent, Los Angeles, Oct. 1st. E. C. G.

A Chinese Celebration.

A GRAND PROCESSION IN HONOR OF A DEITY.

The celebration in honor of How Wong, one of the innumerable Chinese deities, was resumed Saturday in the Chinese quarter. The Celestial musicians blew their horns in a deafening manner, while the cymbal-players made noise sufficient to startle the hack horses in front of the old City Hall. The procession moved with great solemnity through the principal thoroughfares in Chinatown and the great red dragon was displayed with due reverence and awe in all his hideousness. The hosts halted in front of the Chinese Theater and the dragon was carried into the Theatopian temple, amid the deafening roar of exploding firecrackers, trumpet-blowing and cymbal-beating. The "great" god How Wong, who is the size of an ordinary wax doll, was placed in a sedan-chair in front of the theater. The dragon was then carried on the stage, but as its tongue became loosened, it took considerable time to get it in working order again. While this necessary piece of work was being performed the soldiers took refreshments and the spectators indulged in a pyrotechnic display. The procession was very long and is said to have been the most imposing held by the disciples of Confucius in this city. Gay flags of the brightest and costliest silks, embroidered and painted to suit the barbaric taste, were displayed in all quarters. The soldiers were dressed in somber colors and carried rifles and guns that appeared as if they were capable of shooting around a corner. The horsemen held on to the horns of their saddles and carefully placed their heels in the stirrups. The others were dressed in gaudy attire, while the most noticeable feature was that no two of the costumes were of the same make or design.—*The Chronicle of Sept. 24th.*

This is still called a Christian country, and there are still some who teach their children, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." What do those boys and girls think as they see the regular sacrificial smoked hog carried in procession to the joss-house, and placed before the idol?

Married.
McCabe—Ellis.—In this city, October 2d, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. George Morris, P. R. McCabe of Turlock to Miss Coe Celestra Ellis of San Francisco.

Died.
MATTHEWS.—In this city, October 2, 1884, Carrie M. (Irvine), wife of Charles C. Matthews, a native of Calaveras county, Cal., aged 26 years, 11 months and 21 days.

PRICES CURRENT.
Silver, \$1.10 1/2 per oz., 1000 fine; silver 995 fine, 50 1/2 per oz.
COMMERCIAL.
FLOUR—Best brands of City Extra, \$4.25 to 4.80; medium grades, \$3.50 to 4.00; Shipping Superfine, \$2.50 to 3.50.
WHEAT—\$1.25 to \$1.27 1/2 per ct.
BARLEY—Feed, 80 to 90c
OATS—No. 1, \$1.25 to 1.35.
FEED—Barley, \$18.00 @ 19.00; ground barley, \$20 to 22 1/2; middlings, \$19 to \$21; oil-cake, \$32.50 per ton.
POTATOES—55 to 90c per cwt; Sweet at 75c to \$1.00 per ct.
FRUIT—Lemons, \$6.00 to 7.00 per box for Sicily; Bananas, 1.50 to \$3.00 @ bunch; strawberries, \$4.00 to 7.00 per bush; Apples, 30c to \$1.00 per box; Peaches, 50c to \$1.25 per box; Figs, 25 to 60c per box; Pears, 30c to \$1.00 per box; Grapes, 30c to 75c per box.
VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 60 to 75c per ct.; Green Peas, 3 to 3 1/2c per lb; Tomatoes, 15c to 25c per box; Cauliflower, 50c to 75c @ doz; Turnips, 50c to 65c per ct; Green Corn, 75c to \$1.25 per box. Marrowfat Squash, \$10 per ton.
HAY—\$7.00 to 15.00 for all grades. Straw, 25 to 45c per bale.
BUTTER—Choice, Cal. 35 to 37 1/2c.
CHEESE—Cal. 11 to 13c choice.
EGGS—35 to 40c per doz for Cal.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

The subscription Price of THE PACIFIC is \$2.50 in advance—which includes the payment of the postage by us. The courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued. THE PACIFIC will be sent free for one year to any person sending the names of three new subscribers, with the money. Any old subscriber sending the name of one new subscriber, with \$2.50, can have his own paper another year for \$1.75. Payment for THE PACIFIC, when sent by mail, should be made by Order, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter to THE PACIFIC. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. The date against your name on the label of your paper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

THE PACIFIC CLUBBING LIST.
We will send THE PACIFIC one year (price \$2.50) to any new subscriber, or to any old subscriber renewing in advance, with any of the following publications, for the price named in the second column. The price in the first column is that of the publication named alone. Each column includes prepaid postage. After the receipt of the first copy of any publication, complaints, if necessary, should be sent to the office where it is printed.

American Agriculturist.....	\$1.50	\$3.50
Christian at Work.....	3.00	5.00
Demorest's Monthly Magazine.....	2.00	4.00
Godey's Lady's Book.....	2.00	4.00
Harper's Weekly.....	4.00	5.75
Magazine.....	4.00	5.50
Bazar.....	4.00	5.00
Scientific American.....	3.20	5.00
The Century Magazine.....	4.00	6.00
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Are being made in chronic diseases, such as Consumption, Catarrh, Neuritis, Bronchitis, etc., by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, under the remarkable action of a new Vitalizing Treatment which they have been dispensing for the past thirteen years. If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, write to them for information in regard to their new Treatment. It will be promptly furnished, and such reports of cases sent to you as will enable you to judge for yourself whether or not the promises to be of value in your particular ailment.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

All agree that handsome hair is one of beauty's indispensable elements. Ayer's Hair Vigor maintains it in freshness, brightness and luxuriance.

Vacaville was before our readers last week as the last place for the immediate organization of a Congregational church. To-day we again call attention to Vacaville as the place where a large, fine tract of land will be sold in lots, at auction, by Easton & Eldridge, on Saturday, October 25th. A special excursion train will make the round trip on the day of sale, leaving this city at 8 o'clock a. m. Tickets \$2.95, to be obtained of the Pacific Coast Land Bureau. Consider if you had not better go and buy.

Read the advertisement of the Oahu College at Honolulu. Rev. W. C. Merritt, President—a first-class institution everywhere. There are parents among our readers who might like to spend a winter in the beautiful climate of Honolulu, and take their children with them if they but knew the opportunities of this well-conducted college.

The Response Book, the advertisement of which will be found in another column, has already been noticed in this paper. It is published by Samuel Carson & Co., 120 Sutter street, S. F., and sold at reasonable rates. There is no question about the fitness and beauty of responsive reading. Many churches are wisely adopting the custom. We are glad there is so excellent a book here at hand, within our reach.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The regular annual meeting of the Pomona Land and Water Company will be held at the office of the company, No. 405 California street, San Francisco, Cal., on Wednesday, the 15th day of October, 1884, at the hour of 2:30 p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

CHAS. K. CLARK, Secretary.
Office, 405 California street.

Schafer & Co., whose advertisement has been before in this paper, will now again be found in another column. We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this clothing house. Don't go roving around when you want anything, but look at the advertisements in THE PACIFIC, and you will not go astray and get cheated.

Farmers, merchants, manufacturers, hotelkeepers and everybody can find a profitable and reliable young man for all kinds of positions at the Young Men's Christian Association Free Employment Bureau. No fee is charged either employer or employee, and no application is received except upon satisfactory references. Should you be in need of help, either temporarily or permanently, please call upon us. Orders by mail promptly filled. Office at the Building, 232 Sutter street.

M. M. MEYERS, Manager.

We have no hesitation in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement in this paper of stained glass, wall papers, window shades, etc., by the well-known house Geo. W. Clarke & Co., 645 Market street, San Francisco. We commend this house to our friends who want goods in this line.

ROOMS.—Persons desiring to rent desirable rooms in the best party can find them by the day, week or month, with or without board, at low rates, please call at office or send to THE PACIFIC.

THE KING & MORSE CANNING COMPANY

Offers the choicest Fruits, Jams, Jellies and Sauces, especially prepared for family use, in order to save the housekeeper the trouble, expense and inconvenience of "putting up" the same class of goods at home. All cans or glasses found bearing the label of this company will be found equal, if not superior, to those packed by the most careful housewife, and can be relied on every time.

"Where shall I buy a good hat?" "At Herrmann's, 336 Kearny street," is our ready reply. We wear his hats, and so do very many of our friends, and are satisfied. He has recently dotted the size of his store, which shows deserved prosperity.

Special Offer For 90 days

THE BEST ELECTRIC BELT EVER MADE ONLY \$1



GERMAN ELECTRO-GALVANIC BELT

A Positive Cure for RHEUMATISM, LIVER, STOMACH AND KIDNEY DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, BRUISES, SKIN DISEASES, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, CATARRH, LAME BACK, AND NERVOUS DEBILITY.

ORDER AT ONCE from this Advertisement. Nothing moved by correspondence. Goods Agents Wanted. Address, naming this paper, FORREST & CO., Sole Agents, 116 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Having obtained the sole right to sell the German Electro-Galvanic Belt in America from the inventor, Prof. Conrad Ziegenfuss of Berlin, we are determined, whatever may be the cost, to introduce them here at once. The price of the Belt has always been six Dollars (\$6.00), but to introduce it here we will sell it for the next ninety days, and the German Electro-Galvanic Belt for ONE DOLLAR, provided you will cut out and send us the enclosed coupon, and give us your written promise to recommend the Belt if you find it as represented. This Belt is without doubt the best, strongest, and most scientifically constructed Electric Appliance ever introduced, being the invention of the great German Electrician, Prof. Ziegenfuss, and has met with the most marvelous success in Europe, being recommended and endorsed by the entire Medical Profession of Germany. The inventor has in his possession letters from Prince Bismarck, and several members of the Royal Family. A quarter of a million of them were sold in the German Empire last year. These facts, unlike many so-called electric appliances, are very light and not disagreeable to wear, and generate a current that can be immediately felt. Their action is stimulating and as the same time soothing; cures the Rheumatism, Liver, Stomach and Kidney and Nervous Systems to a great extent in ten days. It is intended to be used in the most delicate cases, and is not intended to be used in the most delicate cases, and is not intended to be used in the most delicate cases.

This Coupon is worth \$5.00.

If you will cut out this Coupon and send it to us with ONE DOLLAR in a registered letter we will send you postpaid by return mail, One GERMAN ELECTRO-GALVANIC BELT with full directions in both English and German. Write Name and Post Office Address very plainly and give your word measure in inches.

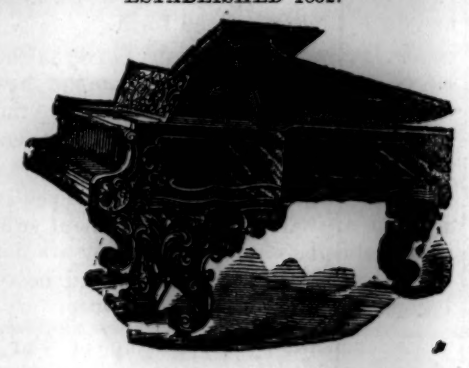
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